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R. Caton Woodville

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TAKES THE AIR.

By R. Caton Woodville.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A great man, who had, it is true, little reason to fear calumny, once remarked that anyone might say of him what he liked for forty shillings. This seems putting one's *amour propre* at rather a low figure. On the other hand, when very large sums are given as damages in actions for libel it makes persons of stainless character (such as the reader) wish that they had been exposed to similar misrepresentations. Libel has been always an expensive amusement, compared with which the penalties for jumping on one's mother, or other domestic drollery, are mere fleabites. For writing a libellous letter to an Earl a man was fined five thousand pounds three hundred years ago, a date which means a much larger sum; and in 1685 the Speaker of the House of Commons, "for publishing 'Dangerfield's Narrative,'" was fined ten thousand pounds. No one minds what an impecunious person says to our disadvantage, and it is no good prosecuting him if we did; but it must be dreadful to be libelled by some scoundrel with a great deal of money, and to find that an action "does not lie," though he did. Lord Ligonier's death was erroneously announced in the newspapers, and he was eager to prosecute them. His lawyers, however, assured him that he had no case, having suffered no damage. "There," he said, "you are very much mistaken, for I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four. The papers said I was eighty, and now she will not have me."

Publication, which is the backbone of a libel, was on one occasion very cleverly manipulated to the advantage of the offender. Lilly, the astrologer, was prosecuted for a libel on the House of Commons, of which he was warned beforehand by his friend Speaker Lenthall; he told him also what were the passages in it which had so grievously offended the Presbyterian party. Lilly instantly sent for his printer, struck out all that was objectionable, and produced the harmless pamphlet before the committee. When they taxed him with the offensive one he denied the authorship, and affirmed that it was a counterfeit published by some malicious Presbyterian to ruin him; and on that plea (with some strong backing of his friends) he escaped punishment. There is also the case of a highwayman whose identity was sworn to by the man he had robbed, the crime having been committed on a moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner at once proved that this must have been a mistake by producing an almanack, printed for the occasion, which showed that there had been no moon. Until I read these narratives, the idea in "Hard Cash" of having a single copy of a newspaper printed for the purpose of producing a wrong impression always struck me as original and ingenious.

There is nothing new under the sun; but it is almost as good as new to do something which has never been done before, except by Henry VIII. That august sovereign, whom some historians depict as a monster, and others as an exceptionally estimable character, had, as everyone knows, conscientious scruples about the validity of one of his numerous marriages. They were probably rather accentuated by the fact that he had got tired of his wife and fallen in love with somebody else; but they gave him great uneasiness. The same thing happened the other day to another husband. After three years of conjugal felicity he has prayed that his marriage may be dissolved on the ground that it was within the prohibited degrees. He was wedded in ignorance that he and his bride "had a common ancestor, whose son he was by a second wife; while the young lady was his granddaughter by his first." This evidently puzzled the Judge, just as the old riddle, "If Dick's father was John's son," etc., used to "stump" us in our youth; but he has ordered the case to stand over on pretence of "establishing the identity of some of the ancestors." It is a case just suited to engage the attention of "Old Father Antic the Law," and Heaven forbid that I should interfere with its deliberation. But what a new vista it opens for divorcees! I had myself two grandfathers (both capable of being identified), but that is at least one more than most folks can boast of; and then just consider how many couples marry without knowing anything at all about each other's "people"! How delightful (for some of them) to discover that they are as free as air in consequence of having married into their own families! In the case under consideration, the gentleman and lady are alleged to be half-uncle and half-niece, two halves which it seems can never legally be made one. Folks bore one so about their ancestors that we often wish there were no such things; but it now appears that there is really some advantage in them.

At the same time, it is possible for an expert to drive a coach and horses through the tables of affinity. Many years ago I knew a most respectable High Church divine, whose household was ruled over by his great-niece. He was exceedingly "looked up to," and even when a Lord was present generally took the hostess down to dinner. On questions of doctrine the Bishop of the diocese himself was said to consult him. Never shall I forget the shock experienced by the whole county when the old gentleman married that great-niece, who, as it happened, was a little one, agreeably young. At first they thought his living would be sequestered and himself suspended, or even

actually hanged; but he met all these injurious observations with a very superior, not to say contemptuous, smile. "If you will take the trouble to look into the tables of affinity," he would observe dryly (Artemus Ward would have called the bride his "affinity"), "you will find that a great-niece is not among the forbidden degrees."

There has been of late years a great dearth of misers—not, indeed, of the persons who die of starvation with a sack upon them for bed-clothes, and with a few thousand pounds at most stuffed in their mattresses, because, I suppose, it gives them the notion of rolling in money; these are but peddling folks, their meannesses unredeemed by success in their calling. Anybody who is fool enough can, by the sacrifice of all personal comfort, leave as much as they do to the heirs they hate. They are not so much misers as magpies. They must not only accumulate, but hide their poor savings, and very often (which must be terrible) forget where they put them. Mr. Daniel Dancer was the chief of this class, and apparently the object of their imitation. It took many weeks, we are told, to explore his filthy dwelling! His favourite *escritoire* was the dunghope in his cow-house, better than an asparagus-bed to the lady of title who attended his last illness (not, one fears, from altogether disinterested motives), for it produced her three thousand guineas; in his teapot—quite safe, for he drank no tea—were found six hundred pounds in notes, and as much again in his chimney, where, of course, there never was a fire. His whole fortune, after all, was not so much as a novelist—who sleeps, I understand, on a bed of down and denies himself nothing—makes in a single year.

I protest I despise these economical wretches and their beggarly instincts. The good old miser, on the other hand—I use the word "good" in the meaning it had on 'Change—the sort of man who confessed that he could never hear a large sum of money mentioned without his pulse rising, was, to my mind, an interesting character. The poet had a person of this kind in his mind when he wrote (I quote from memory)—

Oh, gold, why call we misers miserable?

Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;

Theirs is the best bower anchor o' the chain cable

Which beats all other pleasures great and small.

Who wonders how the wealthy can be sparing

Knows not what visions spring from each cheeseparing.

These were real misers, leaving very "pretty sums to begin the next world with," and now they seem extinct. Perhaps the new death duties have taken away their occupation (you would not catch them evading them by giving anything to anybody in their lifetime), but they apparently follow it no longer. Very rich people still die, but there is no evidence that they have been misers. They may have spent perhaps a quarter of their incomes all their lives. We have not seen an Elwes for these fifty years. He was born in the purple, as it were, of miserhood. His mother, who had a hundred thousand pounds of her own, almost starved herself to death. His uncle, Sir Harvey, who had a quarter of a million, lived to eighty years of age, chiefly on water gruel. Elwes himself, though he surpassed them both professionally (so to speak), was neither a monster nor a magpie. He had some vices shared by his fellow-creatures; he had a strain of Jack Mytton in him, was a great gambler, and after losing thousands, would leave the hazard-table in the early morning, not for home, but to meet his cattle coming up from Berkshire to Smithfield Market—surely a proof of originality of character. He also kept hounds, a shadowy pack, it is true, with lean horses, and a huntsman who would hardly have satisfied the requirements of the Pytchley or the Quorn. His maxim was that, no matter for little impediments (he was always unlucky at piquet), "all great fortunes were made by saving, since of that a man could be sure." He had feelings of honour, and never pressed his friends who were his debtors.

Generally speaking, misers, even of the highest class, have no conscience; yet Audley, the great money-lender of the Stuart times, exhibited at least a knowledge of his responsibilities. He purchased an office in the Court of Wards, which practically placed the fortunes of what are now called wards in Chancery in his hands; and to one who asked the value of it he replied: "It might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who, after his death, would instantly go to heaven; three times as much to him who would go to purgatory; and nobody knows what to him who would venture further."

In connection with a recent "Note" on advocacy, a lawyer kindly writes me of an occurrence that happened within his personal knowledge: "At assizes held in a small county town where the courts were inconveniently near each other, the door between them being left open, the loud tones of Serjeant A's address to the jury burst from one court into the other. The Judge in the latter court, being much annoyed, shouted aloud, 'Mr. Under-Sheriff, please to shut that door,' and then in an under-voice, heard only by those near to him, added, 'I'll be hanged if Serjeant A shall convince two juries at once!'"

It is very unusual in these days to find a man who "is prepared to give up a good deal to know something of

his grandfather's great-grandfather." Frederick Locker-Lampson, however, in his recently published autobiography, confesses to this aspiration, though admitting that between him and posterity "there stands a generation which does not share his backward-going thoughts." He could not get his own children to sympathise with him in this matter: "I hardly know which was most trying to me, their languid endurance of a family story, or their inaccurate repetition of it." They seem, indeed, to have been very modern in their views of parental authority; for whereas when the poet's father told him to fetch anything he had obeyed with the promptitude of a retriever, "when now and then I propose to send my children on an errand, and apologise for doing so, they accept the apology, but they do not go." Our author does not spare himself in these humorous sallies. Tennyson, though only a connection, seems to have used all the frankness of a blood relation to him, asserting, among other things, that he looked "like a famished and avaricious Jew." To this he demurs, insisting upon it that though he cultivated economy he "never got beyond a timid and pitiful parsimony." I can fancy him saying this, and, indeed, I never knew a man whose works reminded one so much of himself as those of Frederick Locker (the old name, by which one prefers to call him). It is not in his grandfathers and grandmothers that our interest is aroused so much as in the unconscious revelation of his own character. His account of his mother, however, is very noteworthy; it is seldom that a son has given us so critical and unprejudiced a view of that relative—

She plied us with tracts and hung texts over our bed-heads. Daily and for years the question, worked on perforated card in coloured worsted, "Do you ever pray?" was present to me. Surely, if the half-articulate cries of poor suffering creatures are prayers to the ears of Heaven, few of us are altogether prayerless. During early middle life my mother went very far indeed, for she believed that only a few people would be saved, that the road to everlasting punishment was extremely broad and very crowded; yet, wonderful to say, she did not seem dissatisfied that her children should increase in number. I believe she consoled her benevolent self, in an illogical way, with the idea that her acquaintances—Mrs. A's, or Mrs. B's, or Mrs. C's—numerous broods would probably be all lost, and that the necessary average would thus be kept up. What made it most curious was that the natural woman was strongly opposed to all this. However, it was only during her last years, long after she had completed the work of making me thoroughly, I might almost say permanently, unhappy, that she changed her opinions. She did entirely change them, and probably, like many other good people, would have argued as unreasonably on the one side as she had done on the other. My mother had always had a strong human feeling, and this broadened as she aged. I well remember, when her poor speech was affected, and the range of her vocabulary very much restricted, her saying that, such was the infinite mercy of the Eternal, she firmly believed that every human being would ultimately be saved; and then she haltingly added, "Yes—even—Lord—Hertford!" Just at that time Lord Hertford was the typically wicked nobleman; and my dear mother had a great interest in and consideration for the aristocracy of her own county. My mother's worldliness was one of the many forms of her ingenuousness.

To some persons this will have a tinge of disrespect, but the poet loved his mother dearly, nor is it difficult to read between the lines that he was her favourite son.

Locker's father was Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, a position that ensured his meeting with more or less remarkable people. Dr. Coke, the chaplain, though unknown to fame, must have been one of these. He was "a Churchman of the tawny-port-wine school," his spiritual character a little acid. When called in to minister to one of the captains on his death-bed, and finding him perturbed as to his ghostly welfare, he comforted him by saying, "Don't concern yourself about that, my dear fellow, that's my affair." The Greenwich captains themselves must have been delightful. One of them tells his servant that he is sure his last illness is beginning: "I'm very ill. Go for the doctor; I have lost my appetite; I can't get through my penny roll." "Well," says John, much relieved, "when the baker came this morning all the penny rolls was gone, Sir, so I gave you a twopenny roll." Locker, as everyone knows, "married into the aristocracy"; this introduced him to Court life, which, as was natural to a humorist, was not to his fancy. The Duchess of Kent, however, pleased him vastly, especially her way of playing whist: she would take transitory naps in the course of the game, "when we were happy to wait till she woke and picked up the trick, which she did with dignity and very deftly." Our author's descriptions of the great writers of his time are excellent. The biographical sketches at the end of this delightful volume are as good in their way (a wholly different one) as the rest of it; while as to stories, the book is an example of how much better a man tells them himself than any biographer can tell them for him.

I wish to acknowledge with thanks a letter with an interesting enclosure received from an unknown correspondent on March 28, and regret that he has not given me the opportunity of addressing him with greater particularity. In their own households men are like prophets in their own country, and mine are characteristically convinced that his communication, being of a flattering character, must be a practical joke. In that case, though I think they are mistaken, he will be pleased to think that he has amused them as well as greatly gratified their venerable relative.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

All the friends and old comrades of genial John Oxenford will be glad to hear that a beautiful stained window in his memory has been put up in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, the church that he attended during the last few years of his life. This accomplished scholar and linguist, who gave to the student, among other treasures, the very able version of Eckermann's conversations with Goethe, a storehouse of miscellaneous knowledge, which will be found in Bohn's library, devoted the best years of his long and useful life to the drama, and proved himself to be by far the most accomplished dramatic critic of this century, both in erudition, humour, and style. We who "sat under him" in the early sixties, watching his kind face to see how he felt a play, and hearing his cheery laughter as it came rolling out of the box he invariably occupied as the doyen critic of the Press, never failed to receive from our old friend encouragement, assistance, and advice.

I am reminded of a pathetic story of dear old John Oxenford's declining days, when he was troubled with a serious bronchial affection, which occasionally disturbed the audience, for he refused to give up his beloved theatre, although desperately ill. A certain rising young actor, who shall be nameless, though he has recently been in England after a brilliant career, was very anxious to obtain Oxenford's valuable opinion on his work, and the tender-hearted old gentleman literally left his bed and came down to the theatre on a bitter cold night to do a good action to a clever youngster. In the middle of one of the actor's finest scenes, on came the cough from the Oxenford box. It continued so long that it unnerved the actor, and he came to a dead stop. To the surprise of everybody, he advanced to the front and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to say that unless the old gentleman with the irritating cough retires temporarily from the theatre I really cannot go on. I forget everything. It is painful so to address you, but I am powerless in the matter, and place myself in your hands." The disturbance at once ceased, and the box was empty. When the curtain fell a friend rushed round, and, breathless, said to the distressed actor, "Do you know what you have done? Do you know who it was that you turned out of the box?" "I neither know nor care," was the reply. "Why, it was John Oxenford!" The actor was paralysed, but he got his good notice all the same. The veteran critic went home coughing to praise the young actor who had turned him out.

Over and over again it has been asked: "Why cannot we see on any stage Shakspeare's 'Cymbeline'?" We have to go to the amateur stage for a satisfactory answer, and to remind those interested in an exquisite dramatic poem that the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club produced "Cymbeline" three years ago, and so great was the success of the venture that the club proposes to revive it on April 21 and 23. It was always a Lyceum promise, but as yet unfulfilled. Happily, however, Sir Henry Irving intends to keep his word about the grand production of "Cymbeline" sooner than the devoted admirers of this beautiful play imagined. A cablegram was received in London on Saturday from Buffalo stating that "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar" had both been put on the shelf in favour of "Cymbeline," which is to be the autumn Shaksperian production at the Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving, of course, playing Iachimo, and Miss Ellen Terry Imogen.

Strange to say, "Cymbeline" was not one of Charles Kean's celebrated Shaksperian revivals at the Princess's; but Samuel Phelps opened his fourth season at Sadler's Wells with this play. Phelps was Leonatus, George Bennett, Belarius; Henry Marston, Iachimo; H. Mellon, Cymbeline; Hoskins, Guiderius; Miss Laura Addison, Imogen; and Mrs. Marston the Queen. Charles Dickens and John Forster were highly delighted, and sent some very flattering letters to Phelps. But up to the present time Helen Faucit has been the ideal Imogen in the opinion of all old playgoers. "Cymbeline" was played at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in April 1872. On this occasion George Rignold was Posthumus; John Ryder, Iachimo; Henry Marston, Belarius; Lewis Ball, Cloten; and Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere), Imogen, a delightful performance. The last performance of "Cymbeline" in London, at a theatre of any importance that I can trace was on Dec. 4, 1878, at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster), who was the Imogen. On this occasion John Ryder was Iachimo; Edward Compton, Leonatus Posthumus; J. C. Cowper, Belarius; F. Barsby, Cloten; and Fanny Huddart the Queen.

Miss Fay Davis, the charming and sympathetic actress who has captured all literary and drama-loving London by her incomparable scene in the "Squire of Dames," announces a dramatic and musical recital at the Queen's Hall on Friday, April 24. She will pluck flowers of poetry from the gardens planted by Mrs. Browning, Owen Meredith, Austin Dobson, and others, and, to the delight of many of us, she will give "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field, a tender poet, far too slightly known and appreciated in this country. I heard him recite this touching lyric, just like the man, "all heart," at a breakfast he gave three years ago "come May" in the honour of two English strangers in Chicago, who instantly loved his bright and sunny nature.

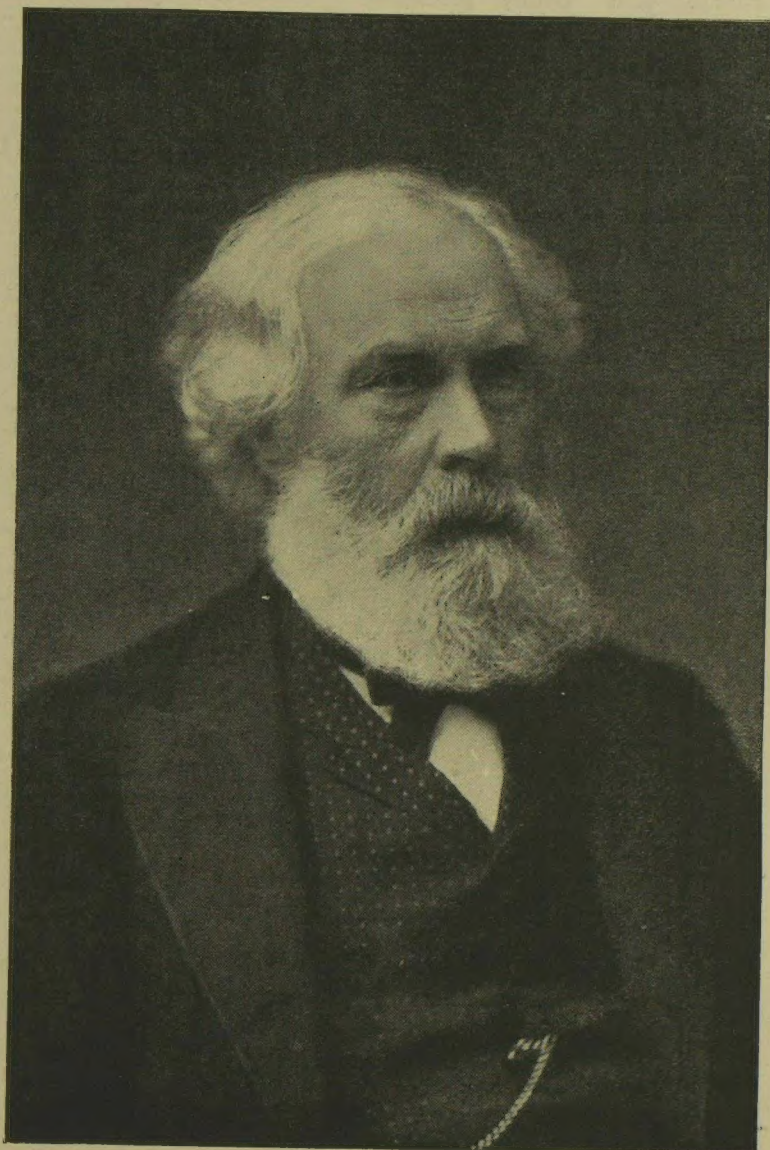
The Indian melodrama at the Princess's Theatre, called "The Star of India," by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, one of our most promising constructors of plays, is a very fair specimen of its class. At any rate, thanks to exciting incidents, good scenery, showy costumes, and average acting, it succeeded in satisfying an audience delighted with "popular prices." The story is based on

the well-known Mrs. Grimwood incident at Manipur, though there is nothing personal or offensive about it whatever. A great hit was made in a comic character by a clever girl, one Miss Fairbrother (once a celebrated theatrical name), who comes of a very old theatrical family. She is a genuine artist, and we shall hear more of her. Mr. Albert Gilmer's management has started very auspiciously.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The election of Dr. Samuel Wilks to the Presidency of the Royal College of Physicians, in succession to Sir J. Russell Reynolds, is a fitting mark of the esteem which he has earned among his colleagues by a long life spent in the service of medicine. Dr. Wilks, who is not far from his seventy-second birthday, was born in Camberwell, and after a career of some distinction at University College, London, became an M.D. in 1850. Some six years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of which he now becomes President. During the last forty years he has held many offices and won a variety of honours, having been appointed a Fellow of the Royal Society, Physician and Lecturer on Medicine to Guy's Hospital, President of the Pathological Society, Senator of



DR. SAMUEL WILKS, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.,  
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

the University of London, and Vice-President of the Royal College of Physicians. He was also Harveian orator of the same college in 1879. Dr. Wilks has been a good deal before the public in other capacities of a more occasional nature, having been a prominent member of the Medical Commission on the Contagious Diseases Act in 1868, and three years later of the Royal Commission on the same subject. His contributions to periodical literature on the vexed questions of alcoholism and vivisection have also attracted considerable attention. The new President's more important contributions to medical literature include his "Lectures on Diseases of the Nervous System," "Lectures on Pathological Anatomy," and a "History of Guy's Hospital," written from a biographical point of view. By some curious chance, although Guy's Hospital has for a long time ranked as essentially and pre-eminently a school of medical training, it has only once before provided the Royal College of Physicians with a President from its staff; and that single occasion was nearly a century and a half ago. The other metropolitan schools have hitherto divided the honour, which has fallen most frequently to St. Bartholomew's.

## THE ITALIAN ARMY IN ABYSSINIA.

The position of the Italian Government and its military footing in East Africa, quite apart from the obligation as a point of national honour to defend Kassala against a threatened attack by the Dervishes of the Soudan, cannot yet be regarded without anxiety, while the peace-negotiations with King Menelik, the Negus of Abyssinia, remain unsettled. The Italian garrison is still left at Adigerat, unable to withdraw in safety from that fortified place until terms of peace shall

have been concluded, as it would immediately, in the open country which it must traverse when retreating to the frontier, expose itself to an unequal contest with the troops of Ras Mangascia and Ras Alulu, the commanders of the local forces in Tigré. King Menelik's main army, for which sufficient supplies of food can no longer be yielded by the northern provinces of his empire, is slowly retiring towards Shoa; but those able and active lieutenant-governors in Tigré, accustomed during four or five years past to harass and impede the movements of the Italian troops, are quite ready again to begin a course of perplexing dispersed hostilities, which would fully employ the reduced means at the disposal of General Baldissera; and this would also prove extremely inconvenient to the present Ministry in Italy, pledged as it is to a policy of peace now loudly demanded by popular impatience and disgust at the failure of Signor Crispi's ambitious undertakings. It is rumoured that the chief obstacle now existing to a definite arrangement of the terms of peace with Abyssinia is the demand, on the part of the Negus, that Italy shall pay him a large pecuniary indemnity for his expenses in the late war. This is a condition that would not only seem very humiliating to national pride, but that would be exceedingly inconvenient in the actual state of the Italian finances. It would be much regretted by the friends of Italy in Europe, more especially by Great Britain, if any undue persistence in demands with which Italy cannot just now comply should prolong a wasteful and needless conflict tending to no substantial advantage on either side. It is even stated that Lord Cromer, under the instructions of the British Government, has sent a letter to King Menelik offering friendly mediation in the settlement of these affairs.

## BULUWAYO, MATABILILAND.

It is but two years and a half since the overthrow of Lobengula, King of the Matabili, in the war that he had provoked by cruel raids upon the Mashonas under British protection. Towards the end of December 1893, numbers of the Matabili chiefs and tribes made their submission, giving up a thousand rifles or muskets and ten thousand spears to the new Government of that country. In May 1894, the British South Africa Company, which had obtained its charter in 1889, and had occupied Mashonaland, was invested by a more precise instrument, upon terms settled between Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Sir Henry Loch, then her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, with more extended powers. Matabililand includes the western and south-western parts of the large territory, popularly called "Rhodesia," between the Limpopo and the Zambesi Rivers, bounded to the west by the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and to the east by the Portuguese dominions of the Mozambique sea-coast. The headquarters of the Company's territorial government are at Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland. In Matabililand the site of the former capital of the native King has been retained, at Buluwayo, on a affluent of the Umkhosi River below the Matoppo Hills, about 120 miles from Tati, on the Bechuana frontier, and 150 miles west of Fort Victoria, Mashonaland. Here the new British colony has erected its capital, the present town of Buluwayo, on the main road which traverses the whole territory of Rhodesia from south-west to north-east. The distressing and alarming news, within the last fortnight, of a Matabili insurrection, accompanied by the massacre of many English settlers, has made the situation of Buluwayo most important, but there are no fears of the town itself being in danger.

## HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

High festival was held in and around Blenheim Palace and the quaint little town of Woodstock when, on the last day of March, the popular young Duke of Marlborough returned from his honeymoon, bringing his bride to the historic home of his ancestors. The circumstances of the Duke's marriage to the American heiress, who was a stranger to Blenheim, occasioned a very real interest among his tenants and neighbours. It was therefore decided that a very hearty welcome should be given to the young couple on their arrival, and elaborate preparations were set afoot. Early in the day the little town of Woodstock was thronged with an expectant crowd, and before the day's festivities were over close on twenty thousand persons had taken part in them.

The antique buildings of Woodstock formed a most appropriate background for the brilliant fête. The gayest of decorations met the eye at every turn. Three lofty triumphal arches, festooned with flowers and crowned with flags, dominated the scene, through which the Duke and Duchess were drawn in their carriage by eager hands from the station, where they had been received by the Mayor and Corporation of Woodstock. At the Town Hall an address was read by the Town Clerk, and the Mayor made a speech of welcome. The Duke replied in a graceful speech, and a procession was then formed for the completion of the journey to Blenheim Palace. First went the local Fire Brigades with their engines; then came the regimental band of the Second Volunteer Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, followed in turn by the Foresters and other friendly societies. Then came the employes on the estate, the tenants, the Mayor and Corporation, and, finally, preceded by a guard of Yeomen, the carriage containing the Duke and Duchess, which was drawn by ropes through the park to the portico of the Palace. Here speechmaking was once more the order of the day. A large company subsequently sat down to luncheon in the great audit room, and the day closed amidst brilliant illuminations and general rejoicings.



## THE NEW NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

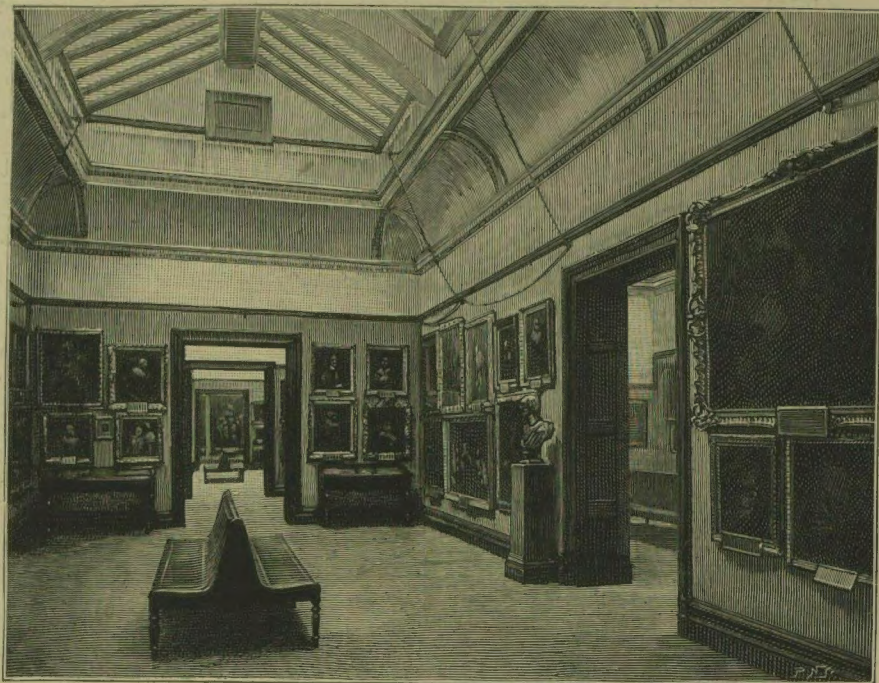
The National Portrait collection has at last been provided with a suitable home in the handsome gallery in St. Martin's Place, which was opened to the public without formal ceremony of any kind on April 4. Although the collection is but little known, it has reached the respectable age of forty years. Through that period the pictures and busts have changed dwellings as often as the average London householder. They have been housed in Great George Street, Westminster, in the cellars of the National Gallery, and at the Bethnal Green Museum, where for some years the painted makers of England, Scotland, and Ireland frowned from the walls day after day, with hardly a visitor to gaze and admire.

But the temporary location of the portraits in the wilds of Bethnal Green proved to be their salvation, for it resulted in the erection of the commodious new building at the back of the National Gallery. The erection of this new gallery is entirely due to the generosity of a private gentleman, Mr. William Henry Alexander, who, at the time when the future of the National Portraits looked blackest, generously stepped forward and offered a sum of £100,000 for the provision of a home for them. This was how it all came about.

One morning, about six years ago, a letter appeared in the *Times* which excited much interest in artistic circles. It was an indignant epistle, and had been penned by the writer after a visit made by him to the National Portraits at Bethnal Green. He had discovered that the roof of the Museum was not quite watertight, that rain from a heavy shower had leaked through and had trickled down some of the pictures. He blamed, not the officials, but the Government of the day, who allowed these priceless possessions to be forgotten in, to busy people, an inaccessible road of the East End of London and in a building so imperfectly constructed that it admitted a shower of summer rain. The

Edward III. and his family. They are tracings from certain quaint figures that once decked the wall of the old House of Commons, all burnt, with much else, in the fire that consumed the Houses of Parliament in 1834. These are the most venerable portraits; but the examples of sculptors' work dig back into antiquity for a couple more centuries—even to the time of William the Conqueror.

In the purchase of pictures and the acceptance of donations, the rule has been that no portrait could be accepted which could bring the question, "Who is that?" to the lips of an educated observer. The danger of being branded as an uneducated man lurks mainly in the topmost gallery, where the early celebrities hang. A floor lower the visitor is among folk whom even country gentlemen know all about. These are hung in groups, according to the career they adorned. You pass from an assembly of painters to a company of soldiers, from a group of statesmen to a quarter-deck of naval officers, and when

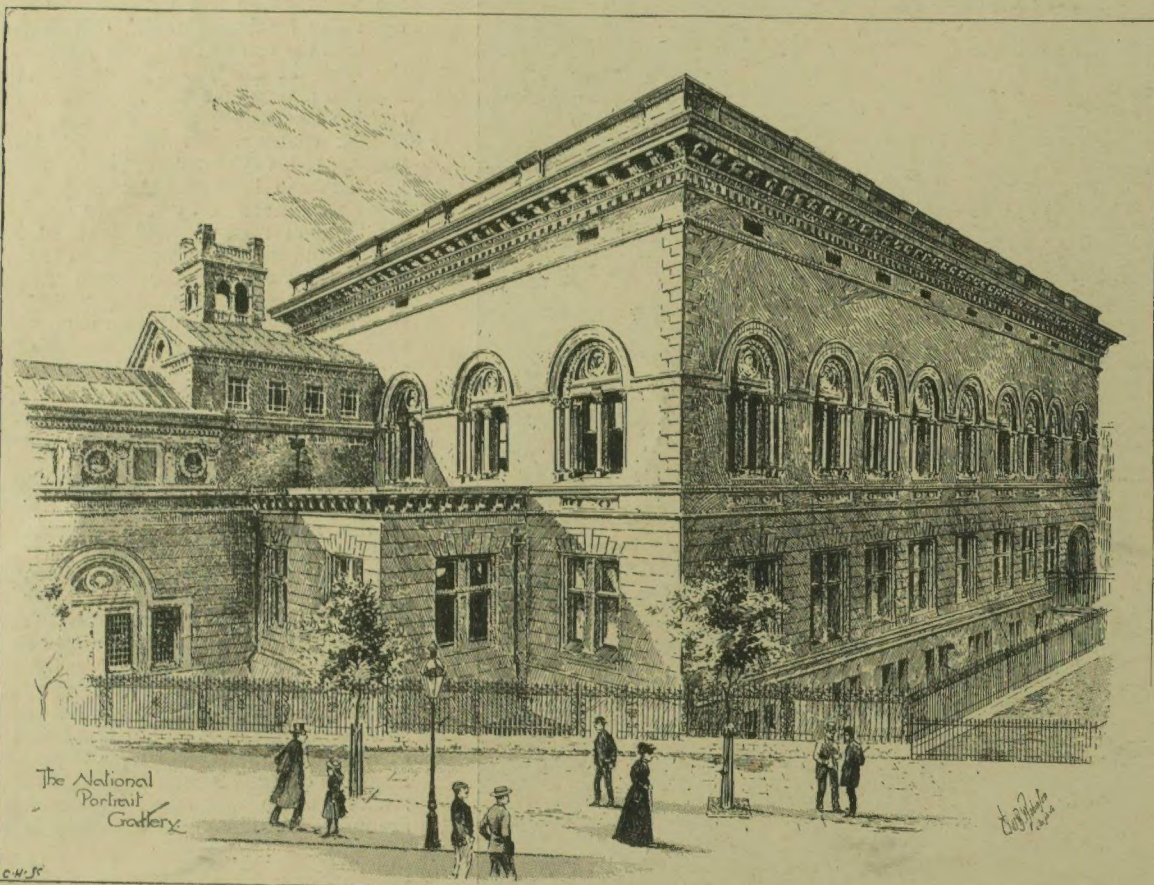


ROOM CONTAINING PORTRAITS OF THE STUART PERIOD.

The Treasury grant is £750 per annum, a sum which the most rigid national economist must confess is not excessive. The present Director, Keeper, and Secretary is Mr. Lionel Cust, who received his appointment last year upon the death of Sir George Scharf.

With the name of Mr. Scharf is associated the entire history of the National Portrait Gallery through its many vicissitudes. He was Keeper and Secretary from its beginning; he was responsible for the selection of the first 932 portraits; he watched over the growth of the Gallery, and it was his fate to die a day or two, as it were, before the advent of its golden year. The pictures themselves are a monument to his memory, and if you care for an example of his industry step into the National Portrait Gallery Reference Library, and turn over the 109 manuscript books wherein he recorded the notes and drawings of the countless portraits that during his lifetime came under his notice.

The earlier history of the Gallery does not lack interest. It began in the year 1856, when Earl Stanhope went to the Prince Consort, proposing a gallery of this nature, and asking his Royal Highness if he would accept the office of President. The Prince expressed his cordial approval of the scheme, and an address was presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to take into her royal consideration the expediency of forming a gallery of the portraits of the most eminent persons in British history. The address having received the sanction of the Crown, Government voted a grant of £2000, trustees were appointed, who, to show that they meant business, at once proceeded to buy a likeness of Sir Walter Raleigh. The first donation was the famous Chandos portrait of Shakspeare, given by the Earl of Ellesmere. As soon as the number of portraits in the collection reached twenty-six, a temporary home was found for them in rooms at Great George Street, Westminster. In twelve years' time, in 1869, the number of pictures having increased to 288, they were all transported to the Long Building of the South Kensington Museum, which had formed the southern boundary of the Horticultural Gardens during the great Exhibition of 1862. Sixteen years later the collection contained 490 portraits, and the Government, being made aware of the growth of the bantling, gave it more breathing room. It grew, and grew, and when in 1882 several fine portraits arrived from Serjeants' Inn and Barnard's Inn, further additions and improvements were made to the galleries. But in 1885 a fire broke out at the South Kensington Exhibition in close proximity to the portraits, and the Government, taking fright, packed them off to the Bethnal Green Museum, where they remained till their recent removal to their new home.



THE NEW BUILDING.

letter was headed "A National Scandal," and was followed the next day by a breezy communication from Sir John Millais studded with indignant remarks and insisting that somebody ought to be whipped, and the scandal (Sir John stigmatised it "A Scandal Outright") was scotched, if not killed, without delay. As the Government was the guilty party, the experienced newspaper reader imagined that the scandal outright would gradually ebb away into oblivion and then flourish as in the days before the fierce light of a letter to the *Times* had beat upon it. But destiny had decreed a different fate for the little scandal. One morning it was quietly announced that somebody, who preferred to remain anonymous, was prepared to give a sum of £100,000 to build a gallery for the National Portraits if the Government would provide a site. The offer was accepted, and, after some delay, the land in St. Martin's Place, at the back of the National Gallery, was decided upon. Mr. Christian was appointed architect, and last June the work of removal from Bethnal Green began.

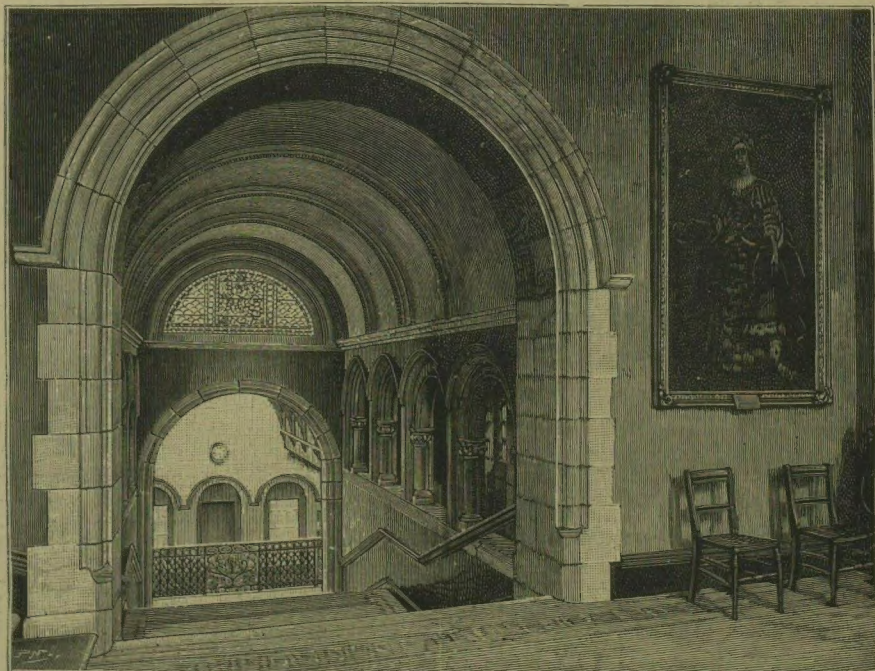
Those who knew the portraits in their old home will hardly recognise them now, so effective and admirable has been their cleaning. The collection numbers about a thousand examples, ranging from Edward III. to Sir Charles Hallé, and includes portraits of well-nigh every man and woman of eminence within those dates. The celebrity of the person rather than the eminence of the artist has been the rule of the trustees in the acceptance and purchase of pictures. No portrait of any living person is eligible, save that of the reigning sovereign and his or her consort.

Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director of the Gallery, has arranged the works, as far as possible, in chronological order. Beginning upon the topmost floor, they range downwards across the centuries, through a thousand famous names, who have sailed, and sung, and fought, and painted, and made history each in his own way.

The earliest examples in the collection are portraits of

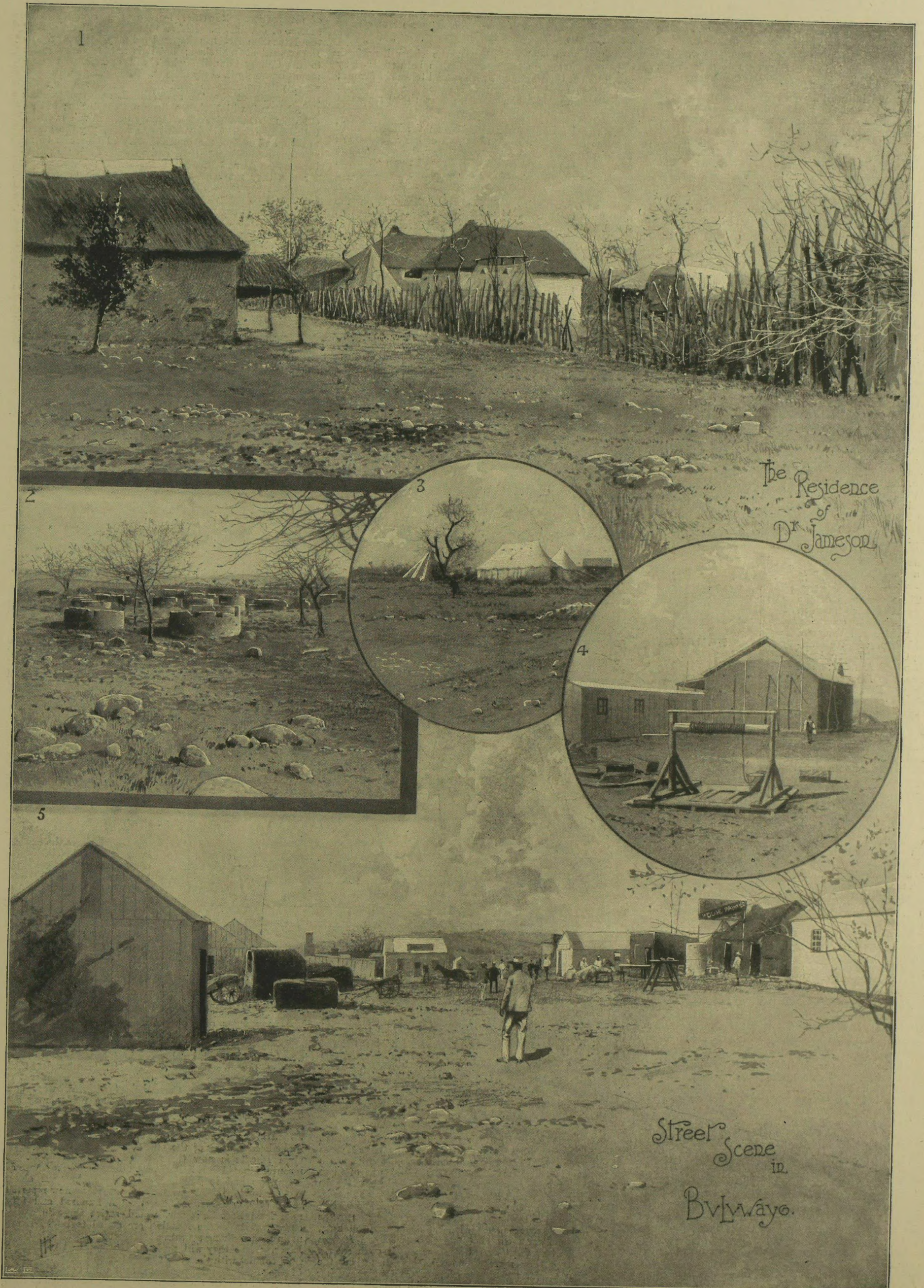
you are tired of warriors there is a gallery of beauties to gaze upon. What a distinguished company it is! How inspiring a spur to patriotism and great deeds!

The ground floor is reserved for worthies whom many living have seen in the flesh. Not the least interesting among them are the fifteen portraits which Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., recently presented to the nation. They flank each other along a noble room, facing a line of naval heroes, and include likenesses of Browning, Carlyle, Tennyson, Rossetti, Lytton, Mill, Matthew Arnold, and Cardinal Manning. Hard by is a gallery containing busts which have been wrought into imperishable material by Messrs. Elkington's electrotyping process. In the basement hang three historical pictures of huge dimensions. One of them, a representation of the House of Commons during the session of 1793, was presented by the Emperor of Austria. Lower still are the furnaces, and a series of roomy shell-proof recesses where the pictures can be stored in the event of a siege of London.



THE STAIRCASE





1. Dr. Jameson's Residence. 2. Ruins of King Lobengula's Great Kraal. 3. Dr. Jameson's Hospital Tents at Old Bulawayo. 4. The Water Supply in 1894. 5. A Street Scene.

THE MATABILI RISING: SCENES IN BULUWAYO.

From Photographs by Captain Robinson, Antrim Artillery.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg, continues to enjoy her sojourn at Nice. The Prince of Wales is at Cannes. The Dowager Empress of Russia visited the Queen on Monday, and the ex-Empress Eugénie on Tuesday.

The marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark is to take place on July 8 or July 9, at St. James's Palace, in the presence of the Queen.

Cloudy and dull weather until Tuesday morning, which was bright, attended the Easter holidays in London, with occasional brief showers of rain and very little sunshine. Metropolitan Volunteers forming different brigades mustered at Brighton, Eastbourne, Sheerness, Canterbury, Dover and Folkestone, Winchester, and Portsmouth, and were exercised in field movements; the Volunteer Artillery corps at Sheerness and Dover. Three Volunteer Engineer corps, arriving in Sussex early on Good Friday morning, placed under the direction of Colonel Athorpe, occupied positions near Brighton. They advanced to Brighton next day, encountering a local force, supposed to be part of an enemy's army landed at Newhaven. At the same time, the Surrey Brigade, under command of Lord Belhaven, at Eastbourne, manoeuvred on the Downs about East Dean, and on Monday there was a sham fight towards Polegate. In the meantime, on the Brighton Downs near the Devil's Dyke, Colonel Josselyn and Colonel Whetherly, the former with the Middlesex Brigade, the latter with the Tower Hamlets and City of London battalions, contended in opposing tactics, of which Colonel Athorpe was umpire, after which the Engineers marched to Shoreham and came home to London by railway. The most interesting mimic battle of Easter Monday was that around Shorncliffe Camp, where two conflicting forces, commanded respectively by Colonel Fetherstonhaugh, of the 60th Rifles, and Colonel Barrington-Campbell, of the Scots Guards, the one mustering over 2400 men, the other 3900, with cavalry, had a brisk engagement. At Canterbury and at Winchester also, the manoeuvres of a battlefield were performed with striking effect.

Three Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church in English-speaking countries, namely, Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster; Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh; and Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, in the United States—have issued a joint appeal to British and American Christians in favour of establishing a permanent arbitration tribunal, as a substitute for war, to settle international disputes.

The new mosaic decorations of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, designed by Mr. Richmond, R.A., were unveiled on Saturday, with a special religious dedication service, attended by the Dean of St. Paul's, with the Chapter clergy, the Bishop of London, and the Lord Mayor and City Corporation.

The National Union of Teachers held its twenty-sixth annual conference at Brighton, opening on Monday, under the presidency of Mr. T. J. Macnamara, welcomed by the Mayors of Brighton, Lewes, and Worthing, and the Bishop of Chichester.

At Cockermouth, the birthplace of Wordsworth, a memorial fountain in the public park was unveiled on Tuesday, his birthday, by the Rev. Canon Rawnsley, and a meeting was held at which readings and addresses of some literary interest were delivered.

At the opening on Monday of the new railway to the summit of Snowdon an alarming accident to the first train caused fatal injury to one of the passengers, while the lives of all of them seemed to be in frightful danger. The locomotive engine, which was placed behind the carriages, broke from its couplings in the descent, and fell over the precipice into the Pass of Llanberis, but the driver and stoker had got off safely. The carriages, full of passengers, were presently stopped by the brakes. Most of them sat still, but Mr. Ellis Roberts, innkeeper of Llanberis, jumped out and broke his leg, which was amputated, but he died.

The Association football match between Scotland and England was played at Glasgow on Saturday, attended by nearly 60,000 spectators. It was won by the Scottish team, who scored two goals to one, their first victory since 1889 in this series of matches, but among them were several Scots who are professional players in England.

The French Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Bourgeois, has been called upon both in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate to explain the recent act of protesting against the Anglo-Egyptian advance to Dongola. In the Chamber he was supported by an approving vote of 309 to 213; but the Senate on Friday passed by 155 votes to 85 a resolution of want of

confidence in his foreign policy. The Government seems not disposed immediately to resign.

The German Emperor and Empress have visited Sicily in the imperial steam-yacht, and have gone up the Adriatic to meet the King and Queen of Italy at Venice; they will return home through Baden. The Empress Dowager of Russia is at Villafranca on the Riviera.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who wishes henceforth to be styled "his Royal Highness," has been received by the Sultan at Constantinople with special tokens of favour; he proceeds to St Petersburg, where the Czar Nicholas II. is expected to greet him with not less signal marks of esteem.

A vessel trading from Gibraltar on the Riff shore of Morocco has been seized and robbed of her cargo, and of the property of her passengers and crew, by some of the piratical tribes of that coast. The lives of those on board the ship were spared, and they got back to Gibraltar in a destitute plight.

The Greek national festival at Athens, upon the seventy-fifth anniversary of the declaration of independence, began on April 4, to continue several days. It comprises a series of gymnastic, musical, and dramatic performances called a revival of the classical Olympic games. The architectural restoration of the Stadion, at a cost of £40,000, defrayed by M. Averof, a Greek merchant, will be an abiding memorial of this occasion. The King and the Crown Prince took a presiding part in the celebration.

## PARLIAMENT.

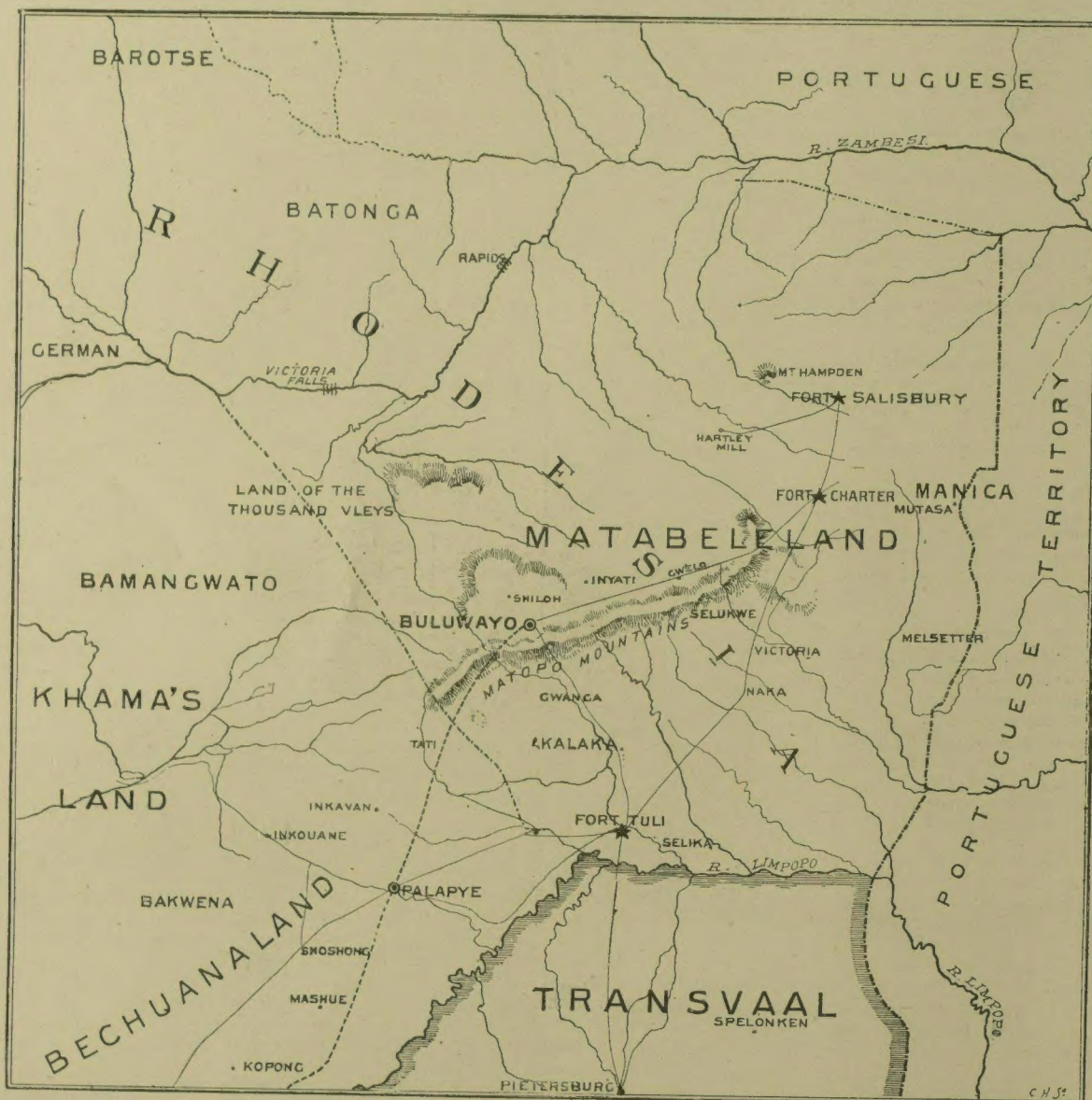
The Education Bill introduced by Sir John Gorst proves to be a great and far-reaching measure. Described by Mr. Acland as an upheaval of our educational system, it has the advantage of commending itself to moderate men of all parties. Its chief feature is a comprehensive scheme of devolution. Hitherto the task of administering the Education Act has imposed a heavy burden on the Department at Whitehall; but it is now to be relegated to the County Councils, which will exercise the paramount authority in every district. The Education Department will continue to send inspectors to see that the requirements of the Act are fulfilled, and the existing School Boards will discharge their present duties; but an educational committee of a County Council will overlook both Board schools and voluntary schools, pay the grants to both, and control the expenditure. There are to be no rates on elementary schools, and voluntary schools are to benefit by a grant of four shillings a head; but in return for this they must submit to the principle of popular control as represented by the County Council committees. The religious difficulty is treated in the same impartial spirit. Denominationalists complain that in the town Board schools, parents who desire distinctive religious teaching for their children cannot get it under the present system. Non-conformists complain that in the rural districts where there are no Board schools, Dissenting parents cannot have their children taught religion in the Church schools according to the Board school formula. Sir John Gorst proposes that in every case "a reasonable number" of parents

shall, upon due representation to the educational authority, obtain separate religious teaching for their children in any elementary school. It was urged by some Opposition speakers, when the Bill was introduced, that this arrangement would multiply the sources of sectarian dissension; but it is not easy to discover in the principle of the proposal any contravention of rational liberty. It is contemplated that the increased grant to the denominational schools shall be chiefly applied to the strengthening of the teaching staff, and this provision has won for the Bill the favourable consideration of such a progressive champion of the teachers as Mr. Macnamara. There is also a machinery for the improvement of secondary education, for the County Council committees are empowered to apply a portion of the funds at their disposal to the establishment of secondary schools under the Technical Instruction Act. The age of school attendance is raised from eleven to twelve, a reform which meets with general approval. It is true that the School Board rate is liable to be limited by the new educational authority, and there are forebodings that this will lead to the starving of Board schools in the interest of voluntary schools. On the other hand, the electors have the matter in their own hands. The educational committees will be composed of members of the County Councils, elected by popular suffrage; indeed, the main strength of Sir John Gorst's Bill is that it rests upon a scheme of local

government which has been approved by all parties in the State. Radical critics who seek to pick holes in the Bill are confronted by the natural outcome of their own principles. The first reading of the Bill was unopposed.

## MAP OF MATABILILAND.

The newspapers give almost daily telegrams reporting conflicts with the Matabili insurgents gathered along the Matoppo mountain range, south and west of Buluwaiyo, who have attempted, but have already been baffled in their attempt, to stop communications on the main road to Fort Charter and Fort Salisbury, and to cut asunder the British South Africa Company's territories, west and east, at the place named Gwelo. The reader may see by a glance at our Map how this situation of affairs corresponds with the topography of the district. It must be remembered that Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland, is the headquarters of the official administration, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes is now there directing the whole of its resources to aid Mr. Selous and others in the defence of Buluwaiyo and in keeping open the main road along the base of the Matoppo range. Gwelo is now reported to be safe, and Mr. Rhodes, with a hundred and fifty men from Fort Salisbury, would arrive there in a day or two. The hostile Matabili are stated to have left the main road, retiring southward to the banks of the Khame River. Here they will probably be compelled to abide a final conflict with the Cape Colony armed police, and those of the Bechuana Protectorate, sent up by Sir Hercules Robinson, or with such forces as may be collected at Fort Tuli, or at Palapye, the capital of our friend Khama; while the Boers of the Transvaal will not allow them to pass the Limpopo. All this becomes intelligible with a little attention to the position of the places named.



SKETCH-MAP OF MATABILILAND, ILLUSTRATING THE SCENES OF THE PRESENT DISTURBANCES.

The British and Egyptian military advance up the Nile has been ordered to stop for the present at Akasheh. In the meantime, reinforcements are sent to Souakin, on the Red Sea coast, which is threatened by Osman Digna's bands of Dervishes at Tamanieb.

The Italian and native troops, under Colonel Stevani, advancing to relieve Kassala, in the Soudan, on April 2, fought against a large force of Dervishes and defeated them, capturing many prisoners, at Jebel Mocran. Colonel Stevani attacked the enemy's position near Kassala, two days later, but failed to dislodge the Dervishes. It is reported that General Baldissera has ordered the evacuation of Kassala, and that Colonel Stevani is retiring to Agordat, halfway to Massowah. Colonel Slade, British military attaché at Cairo, goes to join the Italian Staff. Peace negotiations with Abyssinia are not yet concluded.

A report by Mr. A. J. Swann, political agent at Kotakota of the British Protectorate in the Lake Nyassa region of Central Africa, describes the recent conflicts with a chief named Mwazi Kazungu. He was one of those engaged in raiding for slaves and exporting them to the Zambesi. Lieutenant E. Alston, of the Coldstream Guards, with fifty Sikhs and one hundred negro soldiers, and Sergeant-Major Devoy with a seven-pounder gun, were sent by the Commissioner, Sir H. H. Johnston, to Kotakota, where Mr. Swann collected five thousand loyal Atonga natives, half of them armed with guns, half with spears. In January they marched to Kazungu, attacked the enemy, and captured the chief town, and neighbouring villages, defeating a hostile force which numbered about 20,000. The result of this victory is to break up the confederacy of Yao slave-traders, and to secure the direct route westward from Lake Nyassa to the British South Africa Company's territories.



## PERSONAL.

The present disturbed state of the Soudan brings once more into prominence the name of Lord Cromer, who ere now has proved his great knowledge of all things Egyptian, and, according to rumour, is likely to have responsibilities put upon him yet further afield as arbitrator between the Powers of Italy and Abyssinia.



Photo Hejman, Cairo.

LORD CROMER,  
British Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt.

the G.C.B. and G.C.M.G., was known until some four years ago as Sir Evelyn Baring, being a son of Mr. Henry Baring, M.P. He is now fifty-five years of age, and has seen a good deal of active public service since he entered the Royal Artillery in 1858. He was for four years private secretary to his cousin, Lord Northbrook, while the latter was Viceroy of India. Subsequently, in 1877, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Egyptian Public Debt, and, on the deposition of the Khedive Ismail in 1879, represented England and France as one of the Controllers-General. In 1880 Lord Cromer's services in Egypt received public recognition in his appointment to the office of Finance Minister on the Viceroyal Council of India, under the Marquis of Ripon, and the success of his three Budgets during his tenure of this post will be remembered. In 1883 he succeeded Sir Edward Malet as British Agent, Consul-General, and Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt. He married a daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley Errington.

It is said that Sir Redvers Buller is likely to proceed to Egypt in the early autumn, to take charge of the operations in the Soudan. In military circles it is believed that the autumn will see a British advance to Khartoum, with a view to a permanent occupation. This policy is supposed to be inspired by the apprehension that some European Power may utilise the military force of Abyssinia to establish a footing in the Soudan. Whatever may be in the mind of the British Government on this subject, it is certain that the choice of so experienced a commander as Sir Redvers Buller would point to a considerable extension of the present undertaking.

Professor Hubert Herkomer (he at least does not discard the title) has painted two Bishops—London and Hereford—and about half a score other portraits during the past twelve months, as well as a large subject picture, "The Return to Life," a little girl just recovered from illness, brought out by the nurse for her first walk in the village street. Nearly all his sitters have been men, of whom one is an American and another a Bavarian. Of the two portraits of women the Professor exhibits one under the title of "A Madonna," but it is a madonna in modern evening dress.

Mr. Sargent, A.R.A., by spending a day at Highbury last week, has contrived to finish his portrait of Mr. Chamberlain in time for exhibition at Burlington House this year. Mr. Chamberlain did not sit, but stood; and the portrait is three-quarters length and life size. Mr. Sargent has not shirked the task of painting the top coat of commerce; but in Mr. Chamberlain's case it is relieved by an orchid, nearly white. One hand, finely felt and painted, rests upon a bundle of dispatches; and a Colonial Minister has no respite from dispatches at this juncture, even while he is standing for his portrait.

Captain John Sanctuary Nicholson, the officer at present in command at Buluwayo, pending the arrival of Sir Richard Martin, the new Deputy High Commissioner, joined the 7th Hussars twelve years ago, and attained the rank of Captain in 1891. General Goodenough, while commanding at the Cape, appointed him successor to Colonel H. C. O. Plumer, the first Commissioner sent to take charge of the Chartered Company's forces. The 7th Hussars arrived at Pietermaritzburg, where they are now stationed, from India last October, and Captain Nicholson was at once dispatched to Buluwayo to take up his charge of all the military stores of the Chartered Company. His position has been rendered one of grave responsibility by the rising of the Matabili, but he seems to have acquitted himself well in the



Photo Lambert Weston, Folkestone.  
CAPTAIN J. S. NICHOLSON,  
In Charge at Buluwayo.

emergency. However, matters in Rhodesia have assumed a more serious aspect since the young officer's appointment, and the entire charge of the Chartered Company's forces will as soon as possible be taken over by the new Commandant-General and Deputy High Commissioner, Sir Richard Martin, who is now on his way to the Cape.

The Ameer has an expert advocate as well as a competent medical adviser in Miss Lilian Hamilton. There have been rumours of Afghan atrocities in Kafirstan, into which country the Ameer lately sent an expedition with the consent of the Indian Government. Miss Hamilton denies these statements, and declares that the Ameer has treated his foes with conspicuous humanity. Asiatic potentates are not usually supposed to carry on military operations with any particular regard for human life, but Miss Hamilton assures us that though a despot the Ameer is a soft-hearted Oriental. At any rate, he must be congratulated on his pleader.

M. Zola has addressed a remarkable appeal to French men and women of letters on behalf of the French Society of Authors. He defends the society against the attacks of critics who seem to think that it is conducted in the interests of highly paid writers. As a matter of fact, it suffers grievously from lack of funds, and can afford to pay its pensioners annuities which are hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Even these payments are mainly dependent on the munificence of one person, and M. Zola invites some Mæcenas to win immortality in this branch of philanthropy. Somehow philanthropists are not often moved by petitions on behalf of broken-down men of letters.

The Olympic games at Athens do not disclose any revival of Greek prowess in athletic sports. The most successful competitors are athletes from America, who seem to have carried off the chief honours with considerable ease. There has been no attempt to revive the boxing as it was practised by the ancient Greeks, who could have given points even to the most noted pugilists from the Far West. The Greek boxer was restrained from killing his adversary only by the danger of losing the award in the event of that accident.

The death of General N. J. Smit, Vice-President of the South African Republic, who had long been in failing health, and took no active part in recent affairs, is, nevertheless, worthy of note, for he was in 1881 associated with Mr. Kruger, General Joubert, and Mr. Pretorius at the head of the movement by which the Boers of the Transvaal cast off British rule, having also been forward in their unanimous protest against the annexation suddenly and almost surreptitiously effected in 1877. General Smit had been a member, as State Secretary, of the former Republican Government, whose character and acts were systematically misrepresented by various irresponsible persons, traders, squatters, mining prospectors, and questionable missionaries, in their communications with the British Governor of the Cape Colony, at a time when there was no British official agent or Consul resident in the Transvaal. The annexation decree was an arbitrary, uncalled-for, and unjustifiable act, procured by secret devices and enforced upon an unwilling people in the absence of the lawful guardians of their established Commonwealth; and it is no wonder that the Boers felt indignant when their representatives twice sent to England, appealing for justice with a memorial bearing many thousand signatures, were denied a hearing at the Colonial Office. They have, since the victory of their cause and the restoration of their independence in 1881, held Generals Smit and Joubert, as well as President Kruger, in high honour as the saviours and second founders of the Republic; and General Smit, when the British Commissioners met him in conference upon the Swaziland frontier question, proved to be a worthy man and a very good fellow.

Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, whose premature death is mourned by a large literary circle, began journalism in Liverpool, where he edited the *Argus* and published some of Mr. William Watson's earlier poems. Of late years he was a frequent contributor to the literary columns of the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Academy*, and enjoyed no small esteem as a critic both genial and discerning.

The Wimborne Rural District Council has made a remarkable innovation in English local government. Its members have decided to permit the smoking of cigarettes at the council board after three o'clock in the afternoon. As some of the rural councillors may be accustomed to pipes, and may regard cigarettes as mere childish toys, worthy only of lackadaisical townsmen, the innovation is distinguished by characteristic British caution. The Wimborne administrators are feeling their way, and the cigarette finds itself in the novel character of the thin end of the wedge. Presently it will be succeeded, no doubt, by the long clay, but the meerschaum may be prohibited as an alien.

Mr. James Laurence Carew, who enters the House of Commons as member for the College Green division of

Dublin, in succession to Dr. J. E. Kenny, is no stranger to public life. He sat in the 1886 Parliament, but lost this seat in 1892, and was again defeated in the General Election last year. Mr. Carew is a Parnellite. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the English Bar in 1878.

Mr. Charles King Francis, who has been appointed to the vacancy in the ranks of the Metropolitan Police

Magistrates resulting from the retirement of Mr. Bushby, is a son of the late Mr. Frederick Francis, of East Molesey Court, Surrey, and is now forty-five years of age. He was educated at Rugby and at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was known during this period of his life as a cricketer of some celebrity, being captain of the Rugby eleven, and subsequently playing for Oxford in the inter-Varsity matches of four successive years. He was also on several occasions one of the Gentlemen against the Players, and was a well-known member of the M.C.C., I Zingari, and Harlequins. Mr. Francis was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple just twenty years ago. He subsequently joined the South Eastern Circuit and the Essex and Hertford Sessions. Mr. Francis married the eldest daughter of Mr. and the late Lady Rose Lovell, of Hinchelsea, Hants.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

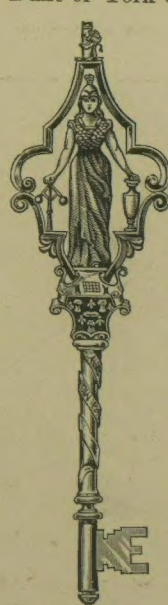
MR. CHARLES KING FRANCIS,  
New Metropolitan Magistrate.

The Post Office has at last gone into business with the National Telephone Company. Years ago the telephone was treated by this department of the State as a poacher on the preserves of the Government telegraphs. Then a monopoly was granted to one telephone company, and now the Post Office has entered into partnership with its rival. The National Telephone Company is to conduct the business in the towns, and the Post Office will manage the inter-town traffic. The public will not have to subscribe to any telephone exchange, and post offices will be open for telephonic messages. This arrangement means a great increase in the facilities of communication; but whether the Post Office has made a good bargain is another matter.

The Holy Week concerts were strictly according to custom. On Good Friday the huge annual concert, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, was as ever a huge success. The Crystal Palace audience is just frivolous enough to enjoy the secular music of the occasion, and just religious enough to join rapturously in the choruses of "Abide with Me" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd were both at their best; and Miss Macintyre and Miss Marian McKenzie were no less successful in arousing a well-deserved enthusiasm. As a quasi-religious function, the concert was irreproachable; but it was not without humour.

The Drury Lane opera season opened on Easter Eve with a very excellent performance of "Faust," conducted by Signor Mancinelli. Madame Fanny Moody took the part of Marguerite with great, even rare success. Mr. Charles Manns, in the part of Mephistopheles, was excellent, and Mr. Hedmond as Faust, if not in his best voice, was at any rate conscientious and intelligent. On Easter Monday "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci" were given with no less success. Miss Lilian Tree's Santuzza was, as perhaps it should be, repulsively tragic, and Mr. Hedmond's Turiddu was full of insight. Mr. Landon Ronald conducted the performance of "I Pagliacci" with considerable distinction. On Tuesday night Mr. James M. Glover presided over a gay interpretation of "The Bohemian Girl" with Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Herbert Grover in the parts of Arline and Thaddeus.

The ceremonial key with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York opened the Salford Technical Institute on



March 25 was executed in gold by Messrs. Elkington and Co., from the design of the architect. In place of the ring handle of the everyday key there is a border of ornamental scrolls in keeping with the architectural style of the building, surmounted at its apex with the crest of Salford, a demi-lion in silver, supporting a lance which carries a blue flag charged with a gold shuttle. Inside these scrolls stands a figure of Minerva, the patron of arts and industry, with either hand resting on an object expressive of these. At the junction of the handle with the stem there are on either side ornamental shields charged one with the arms of Salford and the other with those of the Duke of York, blazoned in their proper heraldic colours. Round the stem is entwined a ribbon, which bears the inscription, "Salford Technical Institute, opened March 25, 1896." The key was presented to the Duke of York by the Chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee, Mr. Alderman Robinson, when the royal carriage had arrived at the entrance to the new Institute, and his Royal Highness formally opened the door.



HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH: SCENES AT WOODSTOCK AND BLENHEIM.

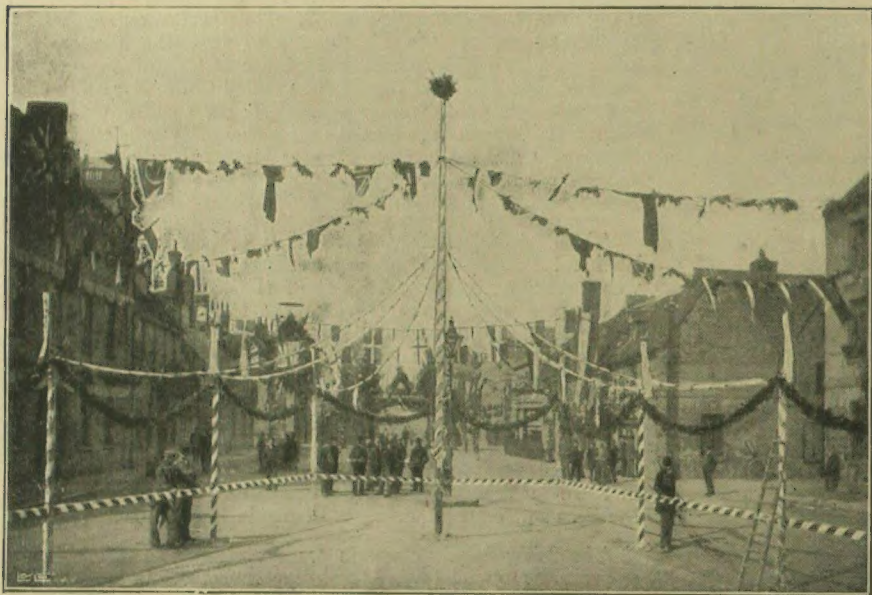
*Photographs by Taunt, Oxford.*



ARCH IN BLENHEIM PARK.



ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF WOODSTOCK.



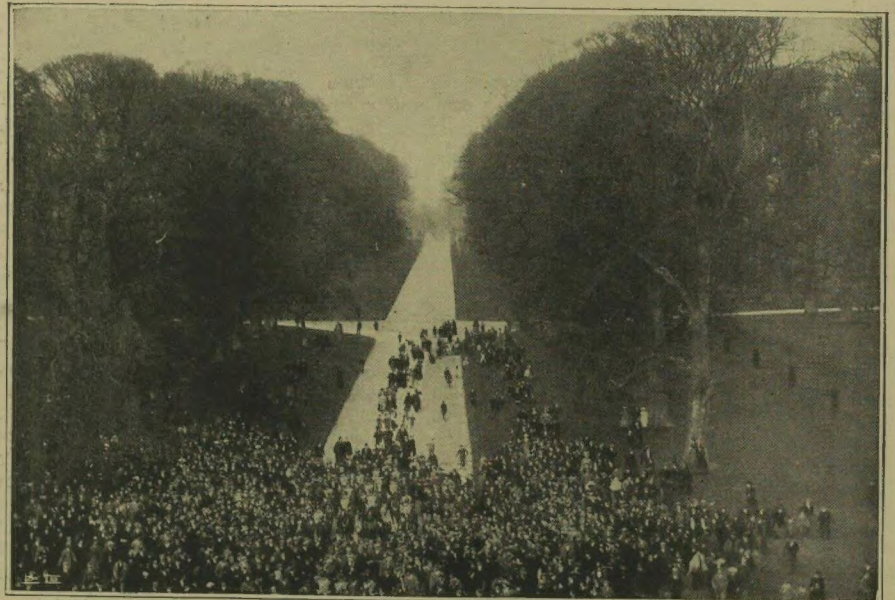
MAYPOLE IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN.



THE TOWN HALL OF WOODSTOCK DECORATED.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS BEING DRAWN IN THEIR CARRIAGE TO BLENHEIM PALACE.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AT THE TOWN HALL, WOODSTOCK.



THE DUKE REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE TENANTS AND SERVANTS.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## III.

## A YACHT.

The interest of Mr. Burke in the affairs of Mrs. Cliff grew daily. He felt that she was not occupying the position that she should occupy, and he was not slow to give her advice. This Mrs. Cliff was always glad to receive, and frequently willing to follow.

As she wished to continue to live in her old house, but desired to add to it a new dining-room, he prevailed upon her to order the erection of an addition, which, in reality, would be a handsome house in itself. He advised her to buy up the tract of ground opposite to her, which was occupied by small and unseemly houses, and to make thereon a park which would be a benefit to the town and a delight to her eyes; and he furthermore suggested that this park should be called "The Grove of the Incas." But an addition to a house must take time to build, and a block of village houses cannot be transformed into a park in days or even weeks, and into the mind of Mr. Burke, tired of the life of a village hotel, there came a grand idea. Why should not Mrs. Cliff buy a yacht? Such a possession would become a woman of her wealth, and in her vessel, with himself as captain, she could take pleasant cruises until the new dining-room—as they always called it—and the park were finished.

When Mr. Burke suggested the yacht to Mrs. Cliff, the good lady sat aghast. "I've decided about the park," she said, "and that is all very well. But what do you mean by a yacht? What could be more ridiculous than to talk about me and a yacht?"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Burke; "it's nothing of the kind. The more I think of the idea the better I like it, and if you'll think of it soberly, I believe you'll like it just as much as I do. In the first place, you've got to do something to keep your money from getting dammed up and running all over everything."

"I don't want to give advice, but it does strike me that anybody as rich as you are oughtn't to feel that they could afford to sit still here in Plain-ton, year in and year out, no matter how fine a house they might have. They ought to think of the great heap of gold in the mound, and feel that it was their duty to get all the grand and glorious good out of it that they knew how."

"But it does seem to me," said Mrs. Cliff, "that a yacht would be an absolute extravagance and waste of money. And, you know, I have firmly determined I will not waste my money."

"To call sitting in a beautiful craft on a rolling sea, with a spanking breeze, a waste of money is something I can't get into my brain," said Mr. Burke. "But you could do good with a yacht. You could take people out on cruises who would never get out if you didn't take them. And now I've an idea. It's just come to me."

"You might get a really big yacht; if I was you I'd have a steam-yacht, because you'd have more control over that than you'd have over a sailing-vessel, and besides, a person can get tired of sailing-vessels, as I've found out myself! And then you might start a sort of summer shelter for poor people—not only very poor people, but respectable people who never get a chance to sniff salt air. And you might spend part of the summer in giving such people what would be the same as country weeks, only you'd take them out to sea, instead of shipping them inland to dawdle around farms. I tell you that's a splendid idea, and nobody's done it."

Day after day, the project of the yacht was discussed by Mrs. Cliff and Burke, and at last she consented to the plan.

He assured Mrs. Cliff that it was not at all necessary to wait until pleasant weather before undertaking this great enterprise. As soon as the harbours were reasonably free of ice it would be well for him to go and look at yachts, and then, when he found one which suited him, Mrs. Cliff could go and look at it, and, if it suited her, it could be immediately put into commission. They could steam down into Southern waters, and cruise about there. The spring up here in the north was more disagreeable than any other

season of the year, and why should they not go and spend that season in the tranquil and beautiful waters of Florida or the West Indies?

Mrs. Cliff had now fully determined to become owner of a yacht, but she would not do so unless she saw her way clear to carry out the benevolent features of the plan which Mr. Burke had suggested.

"What I want," said Mrs. Cliff, "is to have the whole thing understood. I am perfectly willing to spend some of the pleasant months sailing about the coast and feeling that I'm giving health and pleasure to poor and deserving

people, especially children, but I am not willing to consider myself a rich woman who keeps an expensive yacht just for the pleasure of cruising around when she feels like it. But I do like the plan of giving country weeks at sea."

"Very good, Madam," said he, "and we can fix that thing so that nobody can possibly make any mistake about it. What do you say to calling your yacht the *Summer Shelter*? We'll paint the name in white letters on the bows and stern, and nobody will take us for idle sea-loafers with more money than we know what to do with."

"I like that," said Mrs. Cliff, her face brightening.



Mr. Humphreys had procured photographs of some of the romantic spots of the Luxemburg.



"You may buy me a yacht as soon as you please, and we'll call her the *Summer Shelter*."

In consequence of this order, Mr. Burke departed from Planton the next day, and began a series of expeditions to the seaport towns on the Atlantic coast in search of a steam-yacht for sale.

A man may have command of all the money necessary,

He wrote to her a great many letters during this period, all of which were interesting, although there were portions of many of them which she did not quite understand, being expressed in a somewhat technical fashion. Burke liked to write letters. It was a novel experience for him to have time to write and something to write about. He had been better educated than the ordinary

purchase of a yacht, for, according to her idea, it would be a long time yet before it was pleasant to sail upon the sea, and if it was interesting to Mr. Burke to go from place to place and have interviews with ship-owners and seafaring people, she was glad that she was able to give him an opportunity to do so.

As for herself, she was in a pleasant state of feminine



*It would be difficult to imagine the surprise and even amazement of Mrs. Cliff and Willy Croup when they beheld the vessel to which Mr. Burke conducted them.*

and he may have plenty of knowledge and experience in regard to the various qualities of sea-going vessels, but, even with these great advantages, he may find it a very difficult thing to buy ready to his hand a suitable steam-yacht. The truth of this statement was acknowledged by Mr. Burke after he had spent nearly a month in Boston, New York, and various points between these cities, and after advertising, inquiring, and investigating the subject in all possible ways, found nothing which he could recommend Mrs. Cliff to purchase.

sailor, and his intelligence and habits of observation enabled him to supplement to a considerable extent what he had learned at school. His spelling and grammar were sometimes at fault, but his handwriting was extremely plain and distinct, and Willy Croup, who always read his letters, declared that it was much better to write plainly than to be always correct in other respects, for what was the good of proper spelling and grammar if people could not make out what was written?

Mrs. Cliff was not at all disturbed by the delay in the

satisfaction. Without any sort of presumption or even effort on her part, she had attained a high and unquestionable position among her fellow-citizens, and her mind was not set upon maintaining that position by unworthy and offensive methods of using her riches.

She now had a definite purpose in life. If she could make herself happy and a great many other people happy, and only a few people envious or jealous, and at the same time feel that she was living and doing things as a person of good common-sense and great wealth ought to live



and do things, what more could be expected of her in this life?

The peace of mind of Mrs. Cliff was disturbed one day by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Burke, who wrote from New York, and informed her that he had found a yacht which he believed would suit her, and he wished very much that she would come and look at it before he completed the purchase.

Mrs. Cliff did not wish to go to New York and look at yachts. She had then under consideration the plan of a semicircular marble terrace, which was to overlook one end of a shaded lakelet in her park, which Mr. Humphreys, her professional adviser, assured her she could have just as well as not by means of a dam, and she did not wish to interrupt this most interesting occupation. Mr. Humphreys had procured photographs of some of the romantic spots of the Luxemburg, and Mrs. Cliff felt within herself the gladdening impulses of a good magician as she planned the imitation of all this classic beauty.

Besides, it was the middle of March and cold, and not at all the season in which she would be able properly to appreciate the merits of a yacht. Still, as Mr. Burke had found the vessel and wanted her to see it, and as there was a possibility that delay might cause her to lose the opportunity of getting what she wanted, and as she was very desirous of pleasing him, she decided that she and Willy would go to New York and look at the vessel.

#### IV.

##### THE "SUMMER SHELTER."

When Mrs. Cliff and Willy, as well wrapped up in handsome furs as Mr. Burke himself, who accompanied them, left their New York hotel to drive over to Brooklyn and examine the yacht which had been selected, Willy's mind vainly endeavoured to form within itself an image of the object of the expedition.

She was so thoroughly an inland woman, and had so little knowledge of matters connected with the sea, that when she first heard the mention of the yacht, it had brought into her mind the idea of an Asiatic animal with long hair, and used as a beast of burden, about which she had read in her school-books. But when she had discovered that the object in question was a vessel, and not a bovine ruminant, her mind carried her no further than to a pleasure-boat with a sail to it.

Even Mrs. Cliff, who had travelled, had inadequate ideas concerning a steam-yacht. She had seen the small steamers which ran upon the Seine, and she had taken little trips upon them, and if she had given the subject careful consideration she might have thought that the yacht intended for the use of a private individual would be somewhat smaller than one of these.

It would be difficult, therefore, to imagine the surprise and even amazement of Mrs. Cliff and Willy Croup when they beheld the vessel to which Mr. Burke conducted them. It was, in fact, a sea-going steamer, of small comparative size, it is true, but of towering proportions when compared with the ideals in the minds of the two female citizens of Plainton, who had come, the one to view it and the other to buy it.

"Before we go on board," said Mr. Burke as he proudly stood upon the pier, holding fast to his silk hat in the cold breeze which swept along the water front, "I want you to take a general look at her. I don't suppose you know anything about her lines and build, but I can tell you they're all right. But you can see for yourselves that she's likely to be a fine, solid, comfortable craft, and won't go pitching and tossing around like the vessels that some people go to sea in."

"Why, the name is on it!" cried Willy; "*Summer Shelter*! How did you happen to find one with that name, Mr. Burke?"

"Oh, I didn't," said he. "She had another name, but I wanted you to see her just as she'd look if she really belonged to you, so I had the other name painted out and this put on in good big white letters that can be seen for a long distance. If you don't buy her, Mrs. Cliff, of course I'll have the old name put back again. Now what do you think of her, Mrs. Cliff, looking at her from this point of view?"

The good lady stood silent. She gazed at the long high hull of the steamer; she looked up at the black smokestack, and at the masts which ran up so shapely and so far, and her soul rose higher than it had been uplifted even by the visions of the future grove of the Incas.

"I think it is absolutely splendid," said she. "Let us go in."

"On board," said Burke, gently correcting her. "This way to the gang-plank."

For nearly two hours Mrs. Cliff and Willy wandered

over the upper and lower decks of the yacht, examined its pretty little state-rooms, sat excitedly upon the sofas of its handsomely decorated saloon, examined the folding tables and all the other wonderful things which shut themselves up out of the way when they were not needed, tapped the keys of the piano, investigated the store-rooms, lockers, and all the marine domestic conveniences, and forgot it was winter, forgot that the keen wind nearly blew their bonnets off as they walked the upper deck, and felt what a grand thing it would be to sail upon the sea on such a noble vessel.

To all this there was added in Mrs. Cliff's mind the proud feeling that it would be her own, and in it she could go wherever she pleased, and come back again when it suited her.

Willy, who had never been to sea, was perfectly free to form an idea of an ocean voyage as delightful and charming as she pleased, and this she did with great enthusiasm. Even had it been necessary that this perfectly lovely vessel should remain moored at the pier, it would have given joy to her soul to live in it, to sleep in one of those sweet little

as there was no one except Willy to notice a possible change of manner, it did not matter.

Now that Mrs. Cliff and Willy were in New York they both agreed that it would be well for them to attend to some shopping, for which they had intended coming to the city later in the spring. It had been found that there were many things wanted to supplement the furnishing of the new house, and to the purchase of these the two ladies now devoted their mornings.

But every afternoon, in company with Mr. Burke, they went on board the *Summer Shelter* to see what he had been doing, and to consult with him about what he was going to do. It was astonishing how many little things were needed to be done to a yacht just returned from a cruise, and how interesting all these things were to Mrs. Cliff and Willy, considering they knew so little about them.

The engineer and fireman had not been discharged, but were acting as watchmen, and Burke strongly recommended that they should be engaged immediately, because, as he said, if Mrs. Cliff were to let them go it would be difficult to get such men again. "It was a little

expensive, to be sure; but when a yacht is not laid up," he said, "there should always be men aboard of her." And so the painting and the cleaning and the necessary fitting up went on, and Mr. Burke was very happy, and Mrs. Cliff was very proud, although the external manifestation of this feeling was gradually wearing off.

"I don't want to give advice, Madam," said Burke one evening, as the little party sat together, discussing nautical matters, "but if I was in your place I wouldn't go back to Plainton before I had taken a little trial trip on the yacht. It doesn't matter a bit about the weather. After we get out to sea it will be only a few days before we find we're in real spring weather and the warm water of the Gulf Stream. We can touch at Savannah, and cruise along the Florida coast, and then go over to the Bahamas, and look around as long as we feel like it. And when we get back here it will be beginning to be milder, and then you can go home and arrange for the voyages you're goin' to make in her during the summer."

Mrs. Cliff considered. This was a tempting proposition. And while she considered, Willy sat and looked at her with glowing cheeks and half-open mouth. It would not have required one second for her to decide such a question.

"You know," said Mr. Burke, "it wouldn't take me long to get her ready for sea. I could soon coal her and put her stores aboard; and as to a crew, I can get one in no time. We could leave port in a week just as well as not."

"Let's go!" said Willy, seizing the hand of her friend. "It need only be a little trip, just to see how it would all feel."

Mrs. Cliff smiled. "Very good," said she; "we'll take a little trial trip just as soon as you are ready, Captain Burke. That is, if you have not made any plans which will prevent you from accepting the position."

"Madam," said Burke, springing to his feet and standing proudly before Mrs. Cliff, "I'd throw up the command of the finest liner on the Atlantic to be captain of the *Summer Shelter* for this summer! I see far more fun ahead in the cruises that you're going to make than in any voyage I've looked forward to yet; and when people have a chance to mix fun and charity as we're going to mix them, I say such people ought to call themselves lucky."

"This is Wednesday! Well, now, Madam, by next Wednesday the *Summer Shelter* will be all fitted out for the cruise, and she'll be ready to sail out of the harbour at whatever hour you name, for the tide won't make any difference to her."

"There is only one thing I don't like about the arrangement," said Mrs. Cliff when the Captain had left them, "and that is, that we will have to take this trip by ourselves. It seems a pity for three people to go sailing around in a big vessel like that with most of the state-rooms empty; but, of course, people are not prepared yet for country weeks at sea. And it will take some time to make my plans known in the proper quarters."

"I don't suppose," said Willy, "that there's anybody in Plainton that we could send for on short notice. People there want so much time to do anything."

"But there is nobody in the town that I would care to take on a first voyage," said Mrs. Cliff. "You know, something might go wrong, and we would have to come back, and if it is found necessary to do that, I don't want any Plainton people on board."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Willy. "Don't let's bother about anything of that kind. Let's make the first trip by ourselves. I think that would be glorious."

(To be continued.)



RAS MANGASCIA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ABYSSINIAN ARMY.

rooms, and to eat and read and sew in that beautiful saloon.

"Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Cliff, "I don't believe you could find any vessel better suited to our purpose than this one, and I wish you would buy it."

"Madam," said Burke, "I'll do it immediately. And I tell you, Madam, that this is a wonderful chance for this time of the year, when yachts and pleasure-crafts in this part of the world are generally laid up, and can't be seen properly; and what's more, would have to be docked and overhauled generally before they would be ready for sea. But here's a yacht that's been cruising down South and in the West Indies, and has just come up here, and is all ready to go to sea again whenever you like it. If you don't mind going home by yourselves, I'll go to the office of the agent of the owner and settle the business at once."

It would have been impossible for any purchase or any possession of palace, pyramid, or principality to make prouder the heart of Mrs. Cliff than did the consciousness that she was the owner of a fine sea-vessel worked by steam. She acknowledged to herself that if she had been at home she could not have prevented herself from putting on those airs which she had been so anxious to avoid. But these would wear off very soon, she knew, and so long



## LITERATURE.

## KAISER WILHELM.

*The German Emperor William II.* By Charles Lowe, M.A. ("Public Men of To-day." An International Series.) (Bliss, Sands, and Foster.)—The difficulties of writing the life of a man before that life is ended have been often enough enlarged upon by biographers and critics alike. In this present case the embarrassments are more obvious than usual, because the German Emperor has not even a considerable or important career behind him, such as warrants us in making studies of Crispien or Bismarck or Li-Hung-Chang before death has, so to speak, framed the picture. We still speak of the German Emperor as a young man, and our justification in doing so is far from being limited to the chronological basis of the almanacs. He has a genius for juvenility; sometimes one is tempted to wonder whether he has not laid hold of the secret of perpetual youth. It is now six years since the first English biography of him was written, but the added record, which Mr. Lowe brings up to date, only serves to make him seem rather younger than he was in 1890.

During the past three months both author and publishers must often have doubted if the moment was wholly auspicious for a life of the German Emperor in England. Nations get angry with each other, and exchange hot and bitter words, as regularly as the seasons go round, but it is only once in a great while that a whole people falls into such a furious personal rage with a foreign individual as that which recently convulsed these islands, and still throbs in the loyal music-hall heart. The present writer does not remember the Napoleonic wars, but it seems incredible that the English people could ever have been quite so thoroughly enraged with the great Corsican, even when he was at the height of his power for mischief, as they have lately been with the young William II., the grandson of their own sovereign.

But in this very fervour of spontaneous and tempestuous wrath lies the strongest testimony to the good judgment of those who say that the Emperor is one of the most interesting men alive, and that in England especially people cannot do better than to read and get to know about him. Nations do not lose their balance, and literally tremble with indignation at people who are not worth while. Not even the Emperor's lofty position, and its immense powers for good or bad, would have specially excited the English imagination at the time of the Pretoria telegram, if the personality involved had been mediocre or uninteresting. It was the man himself at whom the popular fury flamed up, and this shows clearly a general consciousness that he was a big enough individuality to be the object of a national emotion.

Too much stress might easily be laid upon this recent ebullition of strong feeling. If the provocation to it was deliberate, which this is not the place to debate, at any rate, the result was what its author intended. Great Britain finds itself once more working in agreement with Germany and its partners of the Triple Alliance, and apparently rather more closely committed to it than ever before. And this is just what German critics at that time declared that the Emperor desired to bring about, by showing England how unpleasant a different state of affairs could be made. Thus considered, the episode becomes merely a device of statecraft, which has served its purpose, and can be forgiven—perhaps forgotten—in good time. Englishmen may even come to see that, from the point of view of German policy, the whole thing was rather clever.

But all this is by the way. The young Emperor appeals to the imagination upon so many different sides that it is hard for even the least sentimental of historians to hold himself entirely free from the glamour of his subject once he embarks upon it. Mr. Lowe has not wholly escaped this fascination. It is not to be forgotten that he is also a biographer of Bismarck, and one of the very best; but, curiously enough, this present book reveals him as wandering away from his old admirations, step by step, as he follows the career of his new subject, until, when Emperor and Chancellor finally fall out, we find Mr. Lowe quite openly on the former's side. It is no small achievement to put a figure like Bismarck into the shade, and force the confession from Bismarck's partisans that the thing was well done into the bargain; but that is what William II. has done with measurable success both in Germany and here.

The book, however, is in no sense a eulogy. It strives visibly everywhere for the impartial point of view, and generally attains it. Mr. Lowe's long residence in Berlin, with its peculiar facilities for observation and comprehension, naturally gives an effect of complete grasp and authoritative detail to that part of the book reaching to 1892, which the latter portion sometimes misses—and merely as a matter of proportion, the present internal state of the Empire, as revealed by the current *lése-majesté* prosecutions and the divisions in the Federal Council, might have been enlarged upon to the reader's advantage. But one cannot have everything in a necessarily limited popular book. And Mr. Lowe's book has all the qualities—vigour, insight, and unflagging vivacity—which ought to win popularity.

## A SWASHBUCKLING ROMANCE.

*Battlement and Tower.* By Owen Rhoscomyl. (Longmans.)—Here's rare swashbuckling toward. The like of it has not been met with before in the fiction of these times. Some readers will be chuckling, "Ho! ho!" over it, as the hero, Hamel, is fond of doing; others will have their stomachs tried. The swashbuckling begins at the beginning of the book, where the old Welsh chieftain hands over his sword to his son, Hamel; and it goes turbulently on to the end. The reader is often not quite sure what it is all about, but there is no mistake as to the swashbuckling. Everybody gets "shrewd slits," or a bullet-lining to his ribs; and everybody else has his head shorn off, or is hewn in pieces. There is an infant swashbuckler of ten, or thereabouts, who swashbuckles it with the best of them, blazing his young pistol down the throats of the foe like any old red-hand.

Great pains, and infinite labour, must have gone to the making of this surpassing piece of swashbucklery. Its lack of variety, the immaturity of the characterisation, the

vagueness of the narrative, and other defects, render "Battlement and Tower" impossible of acceptance as a work of art; but its author has considerable gifts. He writes a literary style, much as his sentences need to be modified and simplified; he has imagination, without which there is no attempting the historical romance; he can lay out a scene with much vividness; and he is everywhere and at all times prodigiously in earnest. He has no humour, except of the unconscious sort; but in any bustling episode he comes well to the fore, and is brisk and forcible in action.

But a rarer specimen of a hero than Hamel was never yet turned out. Mr. Rhoscomyl himself regards him with sincere admiration, and has never a suspicion that the young savage is not the pink of chivalry. He is "our lieutenant," "our lad," and so forth; but the reader makes a wry face over these endearments. "Our lad" is most consummately quarrelsome, and has so little nicety either of speech or bearing when his bile is stirred that one thinks the author should have sent with him for squire, instead of the cut-purse and cattle-lifter Ynyr, some stout pedagogue with a bundle of birches with buds on them. His dander is raised at a word, and he is for murdering out of hand every wight who raises it.

He sets out from his Welsh mountains to go to "the wars," ragged and ill-mounted, and accompanied by a cattle-raider in a bull's hide. They come to a castle, and "our lad" bellows for admittance. The sentry on the wall jokes the pair on their style and "get-up." "Shoot me that knave, good Ynyr!" shouts Hamel. Arrived within the castle, he picks a quarrel instant with the captain of the guard; and ten minutes later he is "at the throat of" a young French noble who has pardonably mistaken him for a strolling player. His uncle the Archbishop sends him on an errand asking some diplomacy, to the fulfilling of which he brings the tact of a Tony Lumpkin. A while later, on the same mission, he comes across King Charles and his Court, and demands a private interview with his Majesty on the spot. Questioned by a gentleman of the chamber as to the nature of his business, "our lad" smacks him in the face with his glove, and whips out the ever-thirsty sword of his father to pin the courtier to the wall.

Now, this is not the chivalry of the nineteenth century, nor of the seventeenth century, nor of any century. It is the "barbaric yaup" of the backwoods. Such a graceless pullet of a rowdy, for all his pluck and skill in fight, never strutted in knight's trappings: a Colonel Cody's cowboy in the lists.

The book is written throughout in that earlier speech the trick of which is so hard to master in these days, and which, if it be not done to perfection, is set down as proceeding from Wardour Street. On the whole, Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl has handled it with much ability.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

Captain Younghusband comes of a roving stock, and the "divine discontent" which impels a man to travel has had the nurture of years. *The Heart of a Continent* (Murray), which, in the author's absence, the publisher has skillfully steered through the press, describes a series of journeys through the heart of Asia. Captain Younghusband went to Manchuria in 1886, and returning thence to Peking, made his way across the monotonous Gobi Desert and Chinese Turkestan to Kashgar, from which point he crossed the Himalayas. In 1890 military duty took him on a famous expedition to the Pamirs, the "roof of the world," and in 1893 to Chitral, where he was established as British representative. The story of the struggle with the rough hill tribes, and of the gallant capture of Nilt, is told at length and in stirring prose. For although Captain Younghusband regrets the lack of a scientific training at school, ill replaced by knowledge of the classics, he has compensation in keen outlook on men and things. He has an eye for the picturesque, skill in bringing it before the eyes of others, and an interest in strange manners and customs which much enhances the value of his narrative. Of these only one example does space permit. Returning from Manchuria, he met a string of carts laden with coffins, with a caged cock on the top of each. The coffins contained the corpses of Chinamen brought home for burial, and the crowing of the cocks kept the spirits of the dead awake while the Great Wall was being crossed, lest they should wander afar and leave the bodies soulless on entering their native land.

*East and West.* Being Papers Reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph* and other Sources. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. With Forty-one Illustrations by R. T. Pritchett. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—Sir Edwin Arnold's interesting miscellany opens modestly with a story from Herodotus, which every King Edward's School-boy even—to say nothing of a Macaulay schoolboy—must know. Among the many parts he has played in his time Sir Edwin was English master in King Edward's School, Birmingham, and not the least interesting of his many experiences belongs to these early days. This experience, told under the title, "The Two Bridges," will be as novel and refreshing to "every schoolboy" as the Herodotean yarn is stale and unprofitable. Sir Edwin, having "caned a youth wrongfully, insisted upon being caned by him retributively in the sight and to the joy of the whole school. Need we say that the result of his thus "exposing himself to feel what wretches feel" was the abolition of corporal punishment? "Break that detestable weapon across your knee," roared the writhing English master, "and throw it out of the window." Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here." This is but the apt preface to the true and charming story of "The Two Bridges." One boy in the school even Sir Edwin had to give up as a hopeless dunderhead, until a pretty little girl dragging "Trotter," the dunce, after her by the coat, appeared to explain that the boy was stupid only at Euclid. Sir Edwin was so moved by the child's intercession that he took incredible pains, with not less incredible success, to teach the lad geometry. Years after, Sir Edwin, having been invited to be present at the opening of one of the finest bridges ever constructed in Canada, called upon the engineer to ascertain the time, place, and particulars of the ceremony. He was shown into a room adorned with a photograph of King Edward's

School, with a diagram done in colours of the fifth proposition of the First Book of Euclid, subscribed "My First Bridge," and with a truly superb picture of the grand structure about to be opened, subscribed "His Second Bridge." "Just then the door opened, and in there came the nicest, brightest, most open-faced matron that can be imagined, leading a handsome boy of ten or twelve years by the hand. In an instant, after all these years, we had recognised each other. She was the very same girl with blue eyes who had brought Trotter up to me in his deep woe about Euclid, and Trotter—none other than the melancholy Trotter—was the triumphant engineer who had spanned the Red River with his world-admired bridge." A charming story, with a better moral even than the sermon Sir Edwin delivered as a lecture in Birmingham to those of his old pupils who survived. A charming story; but, indeed, all the papers in this handsome and finely and profusely illustrated volume are charming.

*From North Pole to Equator.* By Alfred Edmund Brehm. Translated by Margaret Thomson. (Blackie and Son).—European travellers in Asia and Africa have of late given us much information serviceable to political and commercial geography, stimulating enough to international rivalry in the way of territorial expansion. The era of mere exploration and discovery—for there is nothing about "the North Pole" in this instructive and delightful volume—may be nearly closed; but there is an abiding value in all such works of descriptive natural history by scientific observers who have personally visited either Arctic or tropical or any other regions, displaying forms of vegetation, of animal life, or of human breeding and habits, widely different from our own. Since Humboldt wrote his "Cosmos" and "Views of Nature," and since Darwin's "Voyage in the *Beagle*," many eminent German, Austrian, and British naturalists have contributed immensely to the store of botanical and zoological facts. In the list of authors which Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, of Edinburgh University, appends to his brief editorial introduction here, the names of H. W. Bates, A. R. Wallace, H. O. Forbes, H. Seebohm, and other countrymen of ours, stand beside those of Schweinfurth and Emil Holub, with whom, for his work of this kind in Africa, Emin Pasha may also be ranked. The merits of Brehm, who died in 1884 at the age of fifty-five, are better appreciated by the learned students of zoology, who may consult his great encyclopædic work, "Thierleben," than by general readers. To these, however, good literary entertainment, with sound and impressive aspects of nature, is presented by his popular descriptive lectures. The lady translator has done her task very well. Brehm, like Humboldt, is an eloquent and enthusiastic writer, gifted with that talent of imaginative combination of exact details which the natural historian requires equally with the historian of political and military affairs. He travelled in the Soudan and Abyssinia, in Lapland and Western Siberia, in Hungary and Spain. He was specially an ornithologist, but had an eye for all living things, and for the scenery of all lands and skies. The geographical range of his subjects, though not quite so comprehensive as the title would indicate, affords the most powerful contrasts. From the bird-thronged cliffs of the Scandinavian sea-coast, and from the tundra, the forest, and the steppe regions of Northern Asia, inhabited by wandering Ostiaks and by Kirghiz herdsmen, we pass to the Nubian desert, to the rocks and cataracts of the Middle Nile, and plunge into the dense mass of luxuriant tropical vegetation in East-Central Africa. Eighty-three original drawings adorn this acceptable book.

The Colonies are very much in favour just now, and when Mr. Chamberlain's new Colonial policy of the markets of the Empire for the producers of the Empire is more fully developed we are likely to hear a good deal more of them than we do even now. Perhaps in time we shall attain to that familiarity with Colonial affairs and aims which the Prince of Wales had in mind when he bade us regard Canada and Australia much as we regard Yorkshire and Devonshire—integral parts of one dominion. As helping us on in this direction we welcome such little handbooks as Mr. J. G. Colmer, the very alert secretary to the Canadian High Commissioner, has published under the title *Across the Canadian Prairies: A Two Months' Holiday in the Dominion*, at the small cost of one shilling. Those who know Canada will not find much that is new in Mr. Colmer's holiday notes, but those who still think of Canada as a land of snow and Indians—and we fear these latter people are in great numbers among us despite all that Canada has done to enlighten them—will find plenty to astonish them in this handbook.

*Silvio Bartholi, Painter. A Story of Siena.* By Emma Bentley. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—A healthy story, told unaffectedly, and showing a close and sympathetic knowledge of Italian provincial life, artistic, ecclesiastical, and domestic. An interesting and attractive figure is that of the father of the innocent and jilted heroine, the veteran painter, Silvio Bartholi, simple-minded, enthusiastic, and absorbed in his art. The loves of the young people, after going considerably awry, come right at last. Incidentally some light is thrown on the working of benefit societies in Italy, and on the ramification of organised social democracy among the junior members of the Italian middle class.

*Astec's Madonna, and other Stories.* By Charles Kennett Burrow. ("Odd Volumes," No. 1.) (J. M. Dent.)—Outside and inside, a very pretty little volume of short stories and of sketches which are not quite stories. There is little that is new in the characters and incidents, but they are unfolded with delicacy of feeling and treatment, while scattered here and there are pleasing descriptions of rural scenery and life. In the opening story, "Astec's Madonna," the hero is a young artist, and the heroine a bewitching and unexceptionable maiden on whom he lights by accident, and who amiably consents to sit as a model for his great picture. So absorbed is he in his work that he does not discover her love for him until he discovers his love for her, after a summer's day's holiday which he invited her to take with him in the woodlands of Surrey. Nothing can be simpler than the story; but very effective for its purpose is the way in which it is told.



THE ITALIANS IN ABYSSINIA.



NATIVE CAVALRY COMMANDED BY ITALIAN OFFICERS.

*Photo Dr. S. W. Johnson, R.N.*



ITALIAN OFFICERS.

*Photo Naretti, Massowah.*

*Those who were killed in the Battle of Adowa are indicated by numbers.*



GENERAL BARATIERI AT A SERVICE IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF DOGALI.

*Photo Dr. S. W. Johnson, R.N.*



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## XVI.—BUSACO.

The year 1809 had overthrown the resistance of Austria to Napoleon, and he was once more the master of Europe, though signs were not wanting that the friendship of Russia was failing him. But in spite of the ominous slackness of the Czar in seconding his ally, 1810 was the height of the Empire—its year of greatest prosperity and widest extent. Only in Spain and Portugal, on the Continent, did any dare to resist the will of the great conqueror; and there the resistance would collapse if the solid support of a British force were withdrawn. In Napoleon's view, the obstinate courage of Wellington must be broken down by defeat, and his troops driven from Portugal; and one of his best Generals—the Italian Jew, Massena, now Prince of Essling—with a mighty force, was appointed to drive the English into the sea.

Wellington was reduced to a painful defensive. His British troops were not many: the Portuguese army, now being reorganised by Marshal Beresford, was still far from real efficiency; and of English and Portuguese together he could muster fewer than the veteran French army that followed his adversary. He was compelled to look on while Massena reduced the important Spanish fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo; he could not rescue the Portuguese frontier town of Almeida, which fell suddenly, owing to the explosion of its powder-magazine. He was prepared to retire up to Lisbon; but between the Tagus and the sea he had prepared the three fortified lines of Torres Vedras, then unknown, but afterwards famous. His plan was to withdraw to this refuge, making the Portuguese population also retreat, with their cattle and provisions, to Lisbon, on the mountains, and starving the French out by making the ground they held a desert. Imperfectly as he was obeyed, this harsh but necessary policy proved successful in the end. But when Massena began his invasion of Portugal, no one in the French camp, and but few in the English, knew of the existence and strength of the lines, and people in England expected Wellington to embark and give up the contest.

Massena's invasion of Portugal, the third and last of the Peninsular War, began in September 1810. His army at the front was about seventy thousand, but he controlled detachments and reinforcements numbering some forty thousand more. Against this host Wellington could at first muster only fifty thousand, of whom the British troops were partly, and the Portuguese entirely, new.

The French advance was up the Mondego River towards Coimbra. Instead of diverging to the right and securing Oporto, and from there working south to Lisbon, Massena moved by bad roads straight towards Lisbon. The Portuguese militia harassed him on his march. Wellington had at first intended to withdraw without fighting, sure of starving his opponent into retreat; but he was ill obeyed by the Portuguese authorities, and their factious clamours and the despairing feeling in England led him to wish for a victory to check Massena's advance, and leave the population time to withdraw.

Wellington therefore posted his army right across Massena's advance, on the Sierra Busaco, a mountain ridge stretching at right angles to the Mondego River, and on its right bank. Over this crest led all three roads by which the French might make a direct advance. On Sept. 25 the British began to occupy the mountain, and Reynier and Ney, with two of Massena's three army corps, arrived in front of the position. Ney, as fine a tactician as he was a bad strategist, wished to attack at once, before Wellington's line was complete; but Massena was in the rear, and was already on the worst of terms with his subordinates. The opportunity was lost, and the whole mountain was strongly held when Massena came up with Junot's corps. General Hill held the right up to the Mondego; next him, on the left, was Leith, with the Fifth Division; then came Picton's division (the Third), then the First, and Cole, with the Fourth, held the left. Portuguese troops were posted in support on the main ridge, and Craufurd, with his famous Light Division and Pack's Portuguese brigade, held a lower spur in front of the main mountain, where a road led up to a convent on the summit, in the left centre of the British line. Massena disposed Ney's troops on his right, Reynier's on his left, holding Junot in reserve, and ordered an attack for Sept. 29, in spite of Ney's dissent.

Reynier was first in action, as the road by which he advanced was less steep. His columns attacked the right of Wellington's centre, and with such resolution did they advance that they won the crest just at the weak point of the British line, where the Third and Fifth Divisions met. The head of the French column held the crest, facing to the left against Leith's troops, while the remainder of their force wheeled to the right, intending to roll up Picton's line. But Wellington, hurrying up two fresh regiments, hurled them on the disordered assailants, and the struggling mass reeled down the slope again. Leith, rapidly moving up a brigade to help Picton, came on the French who held the crest; and, exhausted by their attack and unsupported by reserves, their troops yielded to a charge of the 9th Regiment and fell back into the valley.

Ney on the right had worse fortune still. Craufurd posted his men in line behind the outlying ridge he had to guard, screened by the crest, for the ground dipped from his position before it rose to the higher crest in rear. Two columns of Ney's corps attacked from the deep glen below the Busaco ridge; Marchand's division merely skirmished, but Loison's attack was pushed home against the apparently undefended crest. Craufurd plied the advancing column with a fire of artillery, but without checking its rush; but just as the French were crowning the crest, he suddenly ordered the line to advance, and the long line of the 43rd and 52nd Regiments sprang upon the ridge in front of the breathless assailants. The narrow front of the column was overlapped by their red line swinging in on each flank. Three deadly volleys shattered the crowded ranks at point-blank range, and the routed troops fled down the fatal hill.

Ney abandoned the attack, and the conflict died away in skirmishing. The French loss was heavy, between four and five thousand, and more than three times as great as that of their opponents. The attack, against steady troops, was almost hopeless in such a position; and the French had done all that men could do.

Massena was checked; but while hesitating whether to retreat or not he learnt that by a by-road through a defile he could turn the British left, and get on the great road from Oporto to Coimbra. Wellington saw the movement in progress, and must have been tempted to fall on the flank and rear of the moving column. The road was bad, and the French fell into confusion often, and a bold attack might have won a great victory; but Wellington's army was motley and inexperienced, and his Portuguese, bravely as they had defended the Busaco ridge, could not be relied upon for a night attack. A single check might ruin all the campaign. So the allied army once more withdrew towards Lisbon, and Massena followed up; and on the tenth of October the French advanced troops arrived in front of the stupendous lines of Torres Vedras, a frowning barrier to further advance.

Busaco, then, was, in a way, a needless battle; Wellington fought it to inspirit his Portuguese and revive confidence at Lisbon and London, more than for any military result. But its consequences were two-fold. It emboldened the Portuguese by teaching them that they could beat the celebrated French soldiers; it made the French cautious and slackened their advance, and by dashing their campaign with defeat at the outset, it fomented those quarrels between the commanders, that, more than anything, made Massena's invasion a failure.

A. R. R.

## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

From a much more strenuous workshop than this comes the first volume of Messrs. Henley and Henderson's edition of Burns. Elsewhere, and after deeper study, I may have more to say about this handsome and attractive work. The plan is admirable, and, in editing Burns, a good plan is half the battle. The research seems to have been both thorough and successful beyond expectation. There will, inevitably, be feuds over points in the Glossary, for never met I Scotsman yet who would admit that any other Scot had the good Scots! The remarks on the various metres are learned and full of interest, or so they seem, to an ignoramus like myself. Mr. Wallace's edition, enlarged and amended, of Mr. Chambers's *Life of the poet*, I have not yet seen; but, except for a few notes in the sunshine, I can imagine no better or more agreeable edition of Burns than that of Messrs. Henley and Henderson promises to be. I am, myself, rather incurious of editions, and like a pocket Tauchnitz Homer or Sophocles better than a deeply annotated tome. But scholarly editions there must be, otherwise all texts fall into confusion. This new example is an ornament to any library. The frontispiece, after a drawing by Skirving, is particularly fine, and no doubt an excellent likeness.

All confusions of identity are irritating. I lately (but where I remember not) remarked on the confusions likely to arise between Mr. Robert Bridges of England, author of "Shorter Poems" and of "Nero" and other plays, on one side, and Mr. Robert Bridges of America, author of "Overheard in Arcady," "Suppressed Chapters," and lyrics published in magazines, perhaps collected in a volume; but of this I am not certain, though inclined to believe that there is not such a collection. Mr. Robert Bridges of America informs me that, as a matter of fact, his books are announced as "by Droch," a *nom de guerre* used by him in an American journal, while his own name also appears. Mr. Bridges of America has no other "fore-name" but Robert, and, in adding his *nom de guerre*, "Droch," he has done all that man may do to avoid casual confusion with his namesake, the poet and editor of Keats. These confusions, as between Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Edwin Arnold (before the latter was dubbed Knight) are of not infrequent occurrence. I occasionally see advertisements of books and poems by another "Andrew Lang": for such things there is no remedy but patience all round. The compositions of the

English and the American Mr. Robert Bridges are of very different kinds, as a rule, and no confusion could last for more than a minute or two. This explanation it has seemed to me right to make with what publicity I may. My original grumble on the subject, perhaps I need not add, was uttered without any communication whatever with the distinguished Englishman, the author of "Shorter Poems."

It may be absurd in me, who have never been a schoolmaster, to criticise Mr. Max O'Rell's remarks on the status of schoolmasters in England, for Mr. O'Rell has been a pedagogue himself. "In England, to have been a schoolmaster is well-nigh having a stain on one's character," he says in the *Strand Magazine*. The stain is shared with Dr. Arnold, Dr. Johnson, and, more or less, with John Knox, though he only took private pupils. "In England the schoolmaster stands about (*sic*) on the lowest step of the social ladder, and even if he be the master of one of the great public schools, he obtains practically the same recognition in society that the poor drudge of an usher receives."

Can this be correct? In the first place many schoolmasters are, and of course rank as, clergymen. They may, and not infrequently do, decline on masterships of colleges in the Universities, or on deaneries or episcopal thrones. The lay schoolmaster is very often a young man with a brilliant University career behind him; with all the social advantages of friends and acquaintances which usually attend such a career. Lately the young schoolmaster has often carried into his profession the laurels not only of the schools but of the *palestra*: I mean he is commonly a celebrated bat, bowler, or athlete. Such men are rather too much than too little admired and adulated. Perhaps he has a preparatory school and revels in opulence and the caresses of the great; perhaps—attend, Mr. Max O'Rell!—perhaps he even plays for his county! The schoolmaster has plenty of holidays—he travels, he is a notorious Alpine climber, occasionally he takes a salmon-river; and I never heard, or dreamed, that the British schoolmaster was a *cagot* and an outcast.

Men, blind mortals! have their jokes at the schoolmaster; but whom do they spare? The parson, the saw-bones, the attorney, the literary gentleman, we all bear marks of our profession; and the schoolmaster has, like other men, his professional defects. He is dictatorial; he is, occasionally, prudish; he is even rather dull and matter-of-fact now and then. Scott repeatedly says, in private and public, that he never knew a schoolmaster long without finding in him a vein of absurdity. Perhaps this applies to the whole human race, but Sir Walter's experience led him to think the trait especially marked in schoolmasters. Moreover, we all start, and all generations of boys will start, with a prejudice against schoolmasters. Our early relations with them are often painful, and sometimes ridiculous. We cannot wholly shake off early impressions, especially on some portions of the human frame. Mr. Max O'Rell never made that kind of impression, nor did my old Head Master; he needed not the rod, but kept rare good order by force of character. Everyone, I hope, remembers kindly many of his old schoolmasters, even if he smiles at their foibles, as they had occasion enough to smile or sigh over ours. Mr. O'Rell is too pessimistic; and does he know English boys who call a shop "a store"? I have heard even of French men of letters who did not enjoy schoolmastering; and, boys or masters, I fancy the young and their instructors have as happy a life here as in sunny France. Frenchmen who write hardly ever speak with affection of their old schools, where there is no cricket, or fives, or boating, as we understand it, or Rugby football.

Discretion in biographers and editors of letters by eminent persons is an excellent gift, but may be carried too far. Thus: I lately read the correspondence of a famous poet, now dead; I also read the critical works of a not uncelebrated critic, also deceased. The critic fell upon the literary reputation and character of a third person, also famous in his day, and this third person was the intimate friend of the poet whose published letters I had been reading. Nothing in these letters, by a friend, justified the censures of the critic, who was an enemy. But on examining a more recent and "complete" edition of the poet's correspondence I found that passages had been omitted in which he said privately, to the extent of verbal coincidence, exactly the same things about his friend as the wicked critic said publicly about the same man his enemy. Now the critic has always, hitherto, been called a bitter, unscrupulous, malignant critic. Yet he cannot have been far wrong in these particular censures, as he had, though he knew it not, the contemporaneous testimony, *totidem verbis*, of his enemy's friend and ally. Now it seems a cruel thing to publish letters in which one friend speaks evil of another. Yet, while these letters were omitted, from feelings of delicacy, the unlucky critic lay under imputations and under a cloud which are likely to be removed and dispelled. Thus A (who hates B) writes that B has red hair and squints. When it turns out that C, a bosom friend of B, has described B as a squinting, red-haired man, it will go near to be thought that B did really labour under these defects. Still, were I to edit C's letters, I think I would suppress these comments of his on B. Dear is the truth, but dearer, to reverse the proverb, is Plato.



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No XVI.—BUSACO.



THE BIVOUAC BEFORE THE BATTLE.  
*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.*



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XVI.—BUSACO.



GENERAL CRAUFURD'S WORD OF COMMAND: "13th AND 52nd, CHARGE!"

*Drawn by R. Allen Woodville.*



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is more than forty years ago since Frenchmen caught a glimpse of school life in England through the medium of some of the pictures of Webster and Mulready. I am far away from all books of reference, but, unless my memory deceives me, it was Webster's "Football" which first drew their attention to the schoolboy's recreations and pastimes when lessons were over. Théophile Gautier wrote a magnificent article on Webster's painting, treating it not only from the purely technical and artistic points of view, but laying great stress on the insight it afforded into our habits and customs.

The Exhibition of 1855 was scarcely over when I came to Paris for the first time, and although I was very young, I remember perfectly well hearing the subject discussed now and then by friends of my relatives, who (the friends) were interested in the physical and mental bearings of the story unfolded by the picture rather than in the picture itself. Opinions with regard to the advantages derived by English lads from their violent physical exercises were much divided, the balance of those opinions being decidedly *not* in favour of English customs in that respect.

The adversaries of cricket, football, sculling, running, etc., contended, and perhaps not unjustly, that in themselves all these sports were extremely conducive to health, but that their very attractiveness to young folk was calculated to militate against the serious cultivation of the mind.

Though nominally an English boy, I was too ignorant of English school life, and, for that matter, of any school life, to disprove their assertions by the only proofs that could have been admitted as valid. Though by no means robust, I was fairly healthy and strong, and I know more about books and their insides than most lads of my age; but the games I was acquainted with were neither football nor cricket, nor any game making such demands on a boy's physical endurance and skill as these.

A few years later a combination of circumstances made me extremely anxious to try both my skill and strength at these games. I became acquainted with a couple of English lads of my own age, whose talk invariably drifted on to these subjects; I saw the engraving of "Football," one or two coloured prints of the cricket fields, and, above all, during one of my short visits to England I witnessed a cricket match somewhere near Maidstone—Mote Park, I believe it was called; and, to what my desire still further, I was given a copy of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Alack and alas! I never had an opportunity of gratifying my wishes. I returned to Paris, taking with me part of the cricketer's paraphernalia, which, years afterwards, I gave away, for I had never been able to use a single item. My two English friends went away, and every proposition I made to French boys to organise a kind of club, with the help of a few English elders, was received with indifference, not to say derision. "C'est trop violent, c'est trop barbare," was the invariable reply.

I am under the impression that had I renewed my attempts as late as ten years ago in behalf of some youngsters in whom I took an interest, I should have been confronted with the same denial from the majority of their college chums, and probably also from the latter's parents, as well as from those for whom I would have bestirred myself. Thanks to my good friend M. Paschal Grousset, better known to Englishmen under his *nomme de guerre* Philippe Daryl, all this is being gradually changed; but the reader must not imagine that the introduction of cricket, football, and tennis into the French lad's life will materially alter his dislike of school existence. I am not fond of prophesying, but I feel confident that many decades will elapse before there springs from a French author's pen a book so cheerful in tone, so thoroughly sympathetic and attractive to all French readers, as was the departed Englishman's to his countrymen of all ages and conditions.

It is a bold thing to say, nevertheless I venture to assert that not one Frenchman in every thousand looks back with the faintest feeling of pleasure to his schooldays. The most famous French book similar in its scheme to that of the late Judge Hughes is "Jacques Vingtras." It recounts a lad's experiences at school. Jules Vallès, its author, whom I had the honour to number among my personal friends, was very little short of a genius. From a purely literary point, the English and the French books must not be mentioned in the same breath. From all I can hear, Judge Hughes was a kind-hearted, albeit somewhat arbitrary, man; Jules Vallès was a pessimist to the backbone, gruff to a degree, although a true friend to those who knew him. But there is not the remotest doubt that both men spoke the unvarnished truth, and it is that truth which makes Englishmen's eyes brim over when they read their countryman; it is that truth which causes Frenchmen to grin sardonically and thank their stars that it is all over when they read "Jacques Vingtras."

And the French are not the only nation reluctant to recall their knickerbocker days. One should hear Prince Bismarck speak of his schooldays at Plamann's, one should read a tiny book on the same subject by one of the Chancellor's schoolfellows, to appreciate the wide gulf that exists between the scholastic establishments of England on one side and those of nearly all European countries on the other. Having done this one comes to the conclusion that not a thousand cricket bats joined together will span that gulf, and one is correspondingly grateful for having been birched at Eton rather than for having been dragooned and tyrannised over elsewhere.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. PROCTOR (Bergholt).—Thanks for your kindness in giving us the first order of a problem you so highly value. We will examine it carefully and report later.

DR. F. ST. (Camberwell).—Thanks for amended problem. The other matter shall be attended to.

J. M. ROBERT (Crossgar).—New diagrams to hand, with thanks.

F. WALLER (Luton).—The power of the Queen still seems too great, for now either R 4th, Q 6th, or K 8th can be occupied by her majesty.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2709 received from A. P. (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2711 from Edward Plunkett, C. M. A. B. V. Byrne (Limerick), E. R. Smith, and Floris; of No. 2712 from L. Desanges, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), E. Loudon, Frater, James Lloyd, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), J. Bailey (Newark), J. Whittingham (Welshpool), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2713 received from Sorrento, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Martin F. R. H. Brooks, F. James (Wolverhampton), E. B. Foord (Cheltenham), J. Whittingham (Welshpool), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Marie S. Priestley (Bangor, county Down), Frater, F. Waller (Luton), W. H. Baillem, Captain Spencer, T. Chown, Shadforth, James Lloyd, J. F. Moon, Charles Lupton (Newry), F. Leete (Sudbury), George C. Turner, C. M. A. B. M. Hobhouse, F. A. Carter (Maldon), Alpha, F. Anderson, W. R. B. (Clifton), Hereward, B. Copland (Chelmsford), L. Desanges, S. W. F. Frank, H. Hollison, H. T. Bailey (Kentish Town), Meursius (Brussels), W. D. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. Sowden, Eugene Henry, T. Roberts, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. Rayner, Dr. F. St. F. Proctor, G. T. Oppenheim (Sheffield), E. Loudon, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), H. E. Lee (Ipswich), and H. T. Atterbury.

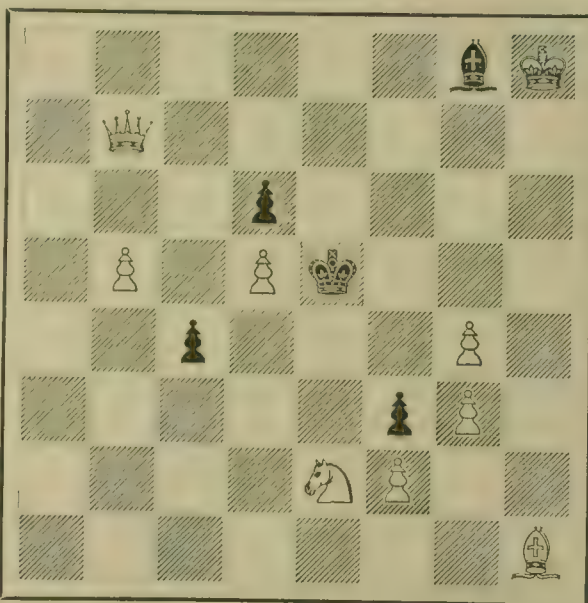
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2712.—By C. DAHL.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to Q 8th P to Q 6th  
2. R to R 4th K moves  
3. Kt takes P. Mate.  
If Black play 1. P to K 6th, Kt (at Kt 4th) to Q 3rd (ch); and if 1. K to B 6th, then 2. R to B 8th (ch), and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2715.

By MAX J. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and SCHIFFERS. (Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. Steinitz).	BLACK (Mr. Schiffers).	WHITE (Mr. Steinitz).	BLACK (Mr. Schiffers).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. B takes Kt	P takes B
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	15. Kt to B 3rd	K R to Kt sq
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	16. Q to R 4th	R to Kt 4th
4. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	17. R to B 2nd	
5. P to Q 4th	B takes P	18. Q R to K B sq	Q R to Kt sq
Supposing Kt takes P, White can reply	Kt takes Kt	19. P to K 3rd	Q to K sq
Kt takes K P, or if P takes P, then 6. P to	P to Q 3rd	20. Kt to Q 5th	P to B 4th
Q 3rd, P takes P; 7. B takes P (ch), etc.		21. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 5th
There are several interesting variations at		22. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q 5th
this point.		23. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
6. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt	24. P takes P	
7. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	Black's Pawns are well handled.	
8. P takes P		25. A blunder, but White was anyhow in	
By this method White appears to open		difficulties.	
Black's game too freely; but he has no		26. While mu t move away his Queen, and	
better move.		then Black plays the pretty move Q takes R,	
9. B to K Kt 5th	P takes P	and wins.	
10. K to R sq	Q to K 2nd		
Black threatened Q to Q 4th, which			
would have proved effective.			
11. B to Q 3rd	B to K 3rd		
12. Q to K sq	Castles (Q R)		
13. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
	P to K R 3rd		

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. SHOWALTER and KEMENY. (Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. K to B 2nd	B takes K
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. P takes B	Castles
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	14. Q to B 6th	Q to R 6th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to B 4th	Nothing comes of this. The Queen	
5. Kt takes P		might have stayed at home with more	
A sound and good move in nearly all		advantage.	
positions.		15. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
6. P to B 4th	Kt takes Kt	16. P to B 5th	P to K B 3rd
Some players reply B takes P (ch), but	P to K 4th	17. Q R to K sq	Q to Q 4th
it opens the Bishop's file for the Rook	Q takes P	18. B to Q 3rd	P to B 3rd
later, and is hardly satisfactory.		19. R to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd
6. P to Q 4th	B to Q 3rd	20. K R to K sq	Kt to B sq
7. P to B 4th		21. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K 3rd
A lively opening altogether. Obviously,		22. Q to R 5th	P takes P
there is no chance of Black saving his		23. R to K 7th	
piece.		There is a splendid finish from this	
7. P to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	point. One of the smartest and brightest	
8. P takes Kt	B to Kt 5th	of recent games among leading players.	
This gives Black a fairly even game	Q takes P		
so far.		24. B to R 6th	P takes B
10. B to K 3rd	Q to R 5th (ch)	25. R takes P (ch)	P to Q 7th
11. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	26. R takes R P (ch)	K to R sq
		27. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	Resigns.

Although the horseless carriage is to be the chief feature of several forthcoming exhibitions, and is altogether "in the air" as the chief vehicle of the immediate future, it is still treated as a dangerous locomotive by local authorities. The latest illustration of this unprogressive state of things occurred recently at Berwick, where the Hon. T. R. B. Elliott, of Clifton Park, Kelso, was charged before the local Bench with driving an autocar without having a danger-signal carried twenty yards ahead of it. The Bench felt obliged to give a conviction, and imposed a fine of sixpence.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I think that public attention, both of a general and official kind, should be directed to an article published in the current number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* on "The Torture of Trained Animals." The paper is written by Mr. S. L. Bensusan, who appears to have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for ascertaining the facts upon which he founds a very serious indictment regarding the brutality exercised on animals, and on dogs especially, which are trained to perform various tricks and antics, and which appear on the stages of our variety theatres and in circuses. I have not read any description of cruelty—gross, brutal cruelty—so harrowing in its details as that set forth in the article in question. As the dog is a domesticated animal, it is clear that Mr. Colam, as the active secretary of the metropolitan Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, may well be urged to include music-halls and other places in his list of visitations in cases where troupes of performing dogs are exhibited.

Personally, I can find a justification for scientific experimentation on an animal when such experiments have for their aim the saving of human life from disease-attack. Even the most determined opponent of vivisection will hardly compare the brutality described in Mr. Bensusan's article with the experimentation of the physiologist conducted under anaesthetic influence. But scientist and non-scientist will agree cordially, I apprehend, that the state of matters elicited by Mr. Bensusan's inquiries must not be allowed to continue. The law is strong enough, and ought to be willing enough, to prevent such cruelty being perpetrated in this country at least. There is one passage in the article which will excite the warmest admiration of every lover of animals. This account describes the severe thrashing administered by some stage carpenters to a foreign animal-trainer, who in the course of rehearsal used big dog-collars studded "full of sharp, jagged nails," which left the dogs' necks "scarred and bleeding." There may be another side to this question, of course, and Mr. Bensusan admits as much. We must not allow our natural indignation at wanton cruelty to override our sense of fairness and justice. I have read accounts given by animal-trainers of their methods which were described as humane enough. The remark was also made that you can do little by brutality in the training of dogs, but much—indeed everything—by kindness. It will be of interest to hear what the dog-trainers have to say to their indictment by Mr. Bensusan.

There is an incident related by Darwin which is worth bearing in mind in connection with this question of animal-training. A man was in the habit of purchasing monkeys at the London "Zoo" for the purpose of educating them as trick-performers. He offered to pay double for the animals he selected if he could be accorded the right to return those he found unsuitable for his work. His contention was that some monkeys acquired their education naturally and easily, while others could not be trained at all. They grew stubborn, and were otherwise quite useless for his purpose, while any exhibition of roughness or unkindness was fatal to the end he had in view. This fact would seem to bear out the contention that kindness and perseverance are the real sources of success in training animals. I once kept monkeys at home. I had at one time and another over a dozen of these animals under my observation, and I can certainly testify to the striking intelligence and aptitude of certain of the members of my quadrumanous family, as compared with the dullness and "dourness" of others. It may well be that dogs and other animals are precisely like ourselves in that they exhibit marked variations in the degree of intelligence and aptitude for learning; and on a sulky or inapt animal, I should say, cruelty could have little or no effect as a training measure. All the more reason, then, that cruelty should never be practised at all.

The great parrot question is still exerting a high degree of interest in Paris. Society, or at least that portion of it which takes an interest in ornithology, and the dealers in birds as well, have been greatly exercised over the statement that parrots kept in houses are liable to convey tuberculosis to their human surroundings. These birds undoubtedly are liable to suffer from the disease just named. They share this liability with the common fowl and with other birds and certain quadrupeds. The source of infection is alleged to be their human owners. In one case a parrot which had succumbed to the disease had for its owner a person who died from consumption; and when bacilli taken from this parrot were inoculated into the guinea-pig, fowl, and dog, these animals all developed phthisis of a type undistinguishable from that which affects man.

A most noteworthy case of the communication of tubercle from the bird to the human subject is given by Dr. Durante, in a paper read before the Société de Biologie de Paris. A woman, aged seventy-one years, had a tame sparrow. Her own family history, as regards tuberculosis, presented no evidence of any constitutional tendency to that disease. The bird pecked her on the second joint of the thumb, and a growth arose as the result of the injury. The sparrow, it is reported, had been in ill-health, and died from a disease the nature of which was not determined, but which, in all probability, as the sequel showed, must have been tuberculosis. The proof that the ailment communicated to the woman was of tuberculous nature was afforded by the fact that when inoculations from her growth were made in a guinea-pig, that animal died from tuberculosis of diffuse kind, and when the material derived from the guinea-pig was, in turn, used to infect a rabbit, that animal perished from the same ailment. A pigeon, however, inoculated along with the rabbit, escaped injury.

The lessons conveyed to us by such recitals are of all-important character. We learn that our domesticated animals are liable to acquire our ailments, and, in their turn, are calculated to affect us. The time may not be far distant when a national awakening on this tuberculous infection question will become necessary as a prelude to action for the saving of life from this modern scourge.



## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



FROM WADY HALFA TO THE SECOND CATARACT: ISLANDS OF KOKI AND MAYA.

The Nile in Nubia, above the First Cataract and Assouan, which mark the southern extremity of Egypt properly so called, 540 miles from Cairo by the river's course, is ascended by steam-boats to Korosko, where its great bend westward commences, and thence to Wady Halfa, passing those stupendous ruins of an ancient temple, well known to tourists, called Abou Simbel, which contain the pair of colossal statues that are reproduced by the models at our Crystal Palace. Korosko is a frontier station of much importance, commanding the direct route for caravans across the Nubian Desert, by the Wells of Murad, to Abu Hamed, on the Nile, whence the river is navigable to Berber, 133 miles, and even up to Khartoum, though impeded by the Fifth and Sixth Cataracts. These rapids, which are called the "Cataracts" of the Nile, but which are merely violent rapids flowing through a channel intercepted by rocks and small islets, and which become passable, with difficulty, for light and strong boats, managed with peculiar skill and anxious care, by the help of poling and hauling, only at favourable seasons of the year, are designated by numbers, the

"First," the "Second," the "Third," the "Fourth," and so on, reckoned from the lower course of the great river. The First Cataract, with the celebrated isle and temple ruins of Philæ, is just above the Egyptian town of Assouan; the Second Cataract begins not far above the Wady Halfa station; the Third Cataract begins at Hannek, about forty miles below New Dongola; but there are many smaller rapids, with even worse obstacles to the passage of vessels, between the Second Cataract, at Sarras, or Samneh, and Dongola, at such places as Ambigol and Tangoor. In that part called the Batn-el-Hajar, or "Belly of Rocks," the ascent of the river was difficult even for the whale-boats and Canadian boatmen specially employed in Lord Wolseley's expedition, in November 1884. But Lord Wolseley's force was more like a regular army, with a large proportion of British troops, with an elaborate equipment, and with stores which had to be sent up immediately from Lower Egypt. It will scarcely be necessary to employ similar means of conveyance for Sir H. Kitchener's further advance with his Egyptian troops, in September or October next, from Akasheh, which is to be

held meantime as the base of future operations. They can march by land, with their transport mules and camels, along the banks of the river, or may sometimes take shorter cuts across the desert. If not opposed, at Souarda or elsewhere, by any very large gathering of the enemy, obliging the advance party to wait for reinforcements, the expedition may reach Dongola in good time to secure all Lord Wolseley's former positions on the great bend of the Nile before the end of this year.

This is probably the real significance of a Ministerial expression recently used, which sounded to some ears rather equivocal, concerning the intentions of Government, namely, that the movement of the present field force in the direction of the Soudan would depend on "the amount of resistance." Akasheh, well above the Second Cataract, a third of the distance from Sarras to Dongola, is to be made once more a permanent stronghold of the Egyptian dominion, enabling its own forces, with or without the intervention of a special expedition from England—which may not be wanted at the end of the year—to recover the ancient Nubian territory of Egypt. Whether,



THE HARBOUR AT KOROSKO.



## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



FROM WADY HALFA TO THE SECOND CATARACT: ENTRANCE TO THE CATARACT AND ROCKS OF ABOUSIR.

in that event, it may be found expedient for the British Government then to undertake, as before, the defence of Souakin, on the Red Sea coast, to drive Osman Digna from the neighbourhood of Sinkat and Tokar, and to open the route to Berber, co-operating possibly with Italian movements from Kassala; must remain a question to be decided by later practical considerations. It is quite evident that all such prospective movements of a very

conceivable strategic plan, which might terminate in the reconquest of Khartoum, ought to be separately examined with a view to their practicability at different times; but that our Government, and that of the Khédive, equally bound to husband the resources of Egypt, and content with a moderate effort, in the first instance, to enlarge and strengthen the limit of Egyptian sovereignty up the Nile, still wisely reserves its power of future action for the benefit

of that country in a renewed endeavour to restore its former profitable connection with the Soudan. That is an object in which the markets of Cairo and Alexandria, and every town in Upper or Lower Egypt, which has any share of the trade of the Nile, are more or less concerned. We give two illustrations of typical Egyptian troops, one representing an infantry battalion on parade, and the other showing the difference between the summer and winter uniforms.



EGYPTIAN INFANTRY IN SUMMER AND WINTER DRESS.

*From a Photograph by Lekegian, Cairo.*





THE EGYPTIAN ARMY: AN INFANTRY BATTALION ON PARADE.

*From a Photograph by Lekegian, Cairo.*



## THE LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

I have settled in my own mind the important question that the tailor-made dress should reign supreme for the next two or three weeks, while I am deliberating seriously on the rival charms of the small hat and the large hat, infinitely preferring the former, while I recognise that the latter has a greater share of popularity. Excellent specimens of both are illustrated on this page, so you can pay your money and take your choice, as the vulgarian has

made in the Empire style, of white chiffon elaborately *diamanté*, the lining being of satin, and the hem of the skirt being fringed with white rose petals; this is to be worn beneath a train of white satin, lined with white satin, with a ruche of chiffon on the inside and a fringe of rose petals on the outside. It will not be a cheap luxury; but it will be a most attractive possession; and what woman could possibly weigh the one advantage in the balance against the other?

I feel inclined to say "Hurrah!" when I read—signed by another eminent authority—that "linen collars are to

means in accordance with the declared principles of those organisations. The Bill that is to be brought forward on May 20 actually only proposes to enfranchise women as occupiers of premises, leaving, apparently, owners, lodgers, and service tenants out of the count. It is, of course, not impossible that this measure, which it is well known has been prepared under consultative advice from important members of the now predominant party, is on the same lines as an intended Registration Bill for men, under which the owners would not have a vote as such. But even if this be the explanation, it would be much simpler and better to have this Women's Suffrage Bill in the form of that which used to be introduced by Mr. Jacob Bright—namely, one to provide that "in all Acts of Parliament having reference to voting at elections, words importing the masculine gender should be held to import the feminine gender also."

A curious measure has been passed by the Senate of the United States to the effect that no marriage shall be celebrated between an American woman and a man who is the citizen of a foreign State without the production of a certificate from a Consul, or other reliable person, that the laws of the bridegroom's native land have been so complied with as to make the marriage valid. It has been settled that if a man marry in a foreign land in strict accordance with the laws of that country, but not in accordance with those of his own native land, the marriage is illegal on his return to his home. The United States Supreme Court has admitted, in a test case, that a German, for instance, has a legal right, on his return to Germany, not only to repudiate the American wife whom he had married in perfect accordance with American law, and lived with for twenty years, but also that he can take from her the landed property that he had acquired in the United States, as well as what he might hold elsewhere. In Europe, too, it has been settled that if a Frenchman marry here an English girl without the elaborate formalities needed by French law, she may be repudiated by her husband if he return to his fatherland. Our English test case is that of Commander Bethell, who married a Zulu girl in the manner recognised by her tribe, and was declared by the English courts not to be legally married thereby. It is to guard against this unfair and injurious treatment of innocent and trusting women that the United States Senate has moved. I cannot help thinking that it would be more simple and more just at one time if an international arrangement were to be negotiated by which a marriage contracted in any civilised State in accordance with the laws of that place should be binding all the world over. Surely, as a matter of principle and justice, a contract of so important a description if made in good faith by one party should be binding on the other.

At the large lunatic asylum under the charge of the London County Council, Claybury, there are two women medical officers. This is undoubtedly a correct arrangement. A female lunatic ought to be as absolutely as possible under the exclusive charge of other women. Not that a woman doctor will probably be kinder to her woman patient than a man doctor would be—that is not at all necessarily the



TWO NEW HATS.

it. The small one is, I venture to think, quite charming, made entirely of black tulle, with a bunch of black feathers at one side, clusters of white gardenias arranged to rest on the hair, and the shape of infinitesimal proportions. The other is of a rough straw, trimmed with large bows of violet ribbons, and masses of lilac on either side and at the back. No large hat is complete without its bunch of flowers at the back, and this special shape is, perhaps, most especially favoured of fashion. The brim is slightly curved downwards on either side, turning up at the back somewhat abruptly. It should be worn well forward, and the coiffure which it best exploits is set high up on the head in a style we used to term "Empire," but meeting the more modern views by the manner in which at the nape of the neck and at the sides it is combed loosely from the roots. A ruffle of white tulle, with a bunch of white roses at the back, encircles the throat of the lady; such ruffles as these being exceedingly popular but of frail disposition, and perhaps not universally becoming. A pleasing finish for the trimming of the coat round the neck is a ruffle of black tulle at the back, the front being turned back with revers of old lace, which at the top forms at once a little *chou* and a finish to the black net ruffle. This is an excellent means of renovating an old jacket, or, at least, we will say a winter jacket, for the really old jacket deserves but to be relegated to the charge of the purchasers of ancient garments. Suppose we take a piece of Irish lace, of course bought under distinguished patronage—we buy everything Irish under distinguished patronage now—and sew it straight down on either side of the jacket, which should be left open to reveal a front of soft white silk, and let us twist ends of the lace at the top into a rosette, and trim the jacket at the back with the ruffle either of white roses, of black net plain, or of black net edged with narrow white lace. An effective ruffle may be made of the black chiffon or white chiffon with a silken edge. The ruffle looks its best when not permitted to meet in the front: forming, as it were, a frame for the head, it is more becoming than when permitted to encircle the neck tightly. Perhaps, though, on the whole, it may not be voted a desirable possession; far prettier is the cravat of lace, tied, for instance, like that one illustrated on the cloth dress this week. This is made of cream coloured net with an edging of lace, and it forms a most becoming finish to a waistcoat of white corded silk traced with jet and silver. The dress is of black cloth trimmed only with strappings, the coat setting out from the figure and displaying the waist-line. This make of coat, by the way, threatens to have many devotees, and I have frequently come across it in my travels. Sometimes the fronts are braided, when a braided pattern will also appear down the centre of the back, and at other times it is quite guileless of trimming, save for the pearl buttons on either side. Under these latter circumstances it looks extremely well in a very light shade of drab almost a cream colour, and if worn with a chiffon waistcoat draped with lace and a drab skirt with a belt of white kid, it is distinctly deserving of the label "smart."

But away from cloth dresses for the moment, and let me consider those of more fanciful detail, for which unquestionably *moiré* is the idol of fashion's hour. This silk is now to be found interwoven with gold thread or silver thread in a manner which is pre-eminently becoming to its appearance, which is rough rather than smooth, and stiff rather than soft. These watered silks with a tinsel thread will, no doubt, be permitted to make their debut at Court during April, when they should be supplied in distinct contrast with dresses of the most diaphanous tulle, chiffon, muslin, and there are some charming new silk-spotted muslins which should also be allowed to perform such a part. A lovely Court gown I have interviewed,

have an immense vogue this spring." The most attractive neckgear ever devised for our benefit is the turn-up or the turn-down linen collar (the choice to be decided by the individual neck); no style ever invented is so universally becoming, so trim, so neat, so altogether effective. Long let it reign over us! The linen collar will equally improve the batiste shirt and the silken shirt, and I would suggest that brothers during the Easter holidays should occupy themselves in teaching their sisters how to tie their neckties, this being an art understood of the few; but on it depends in no little degree the success of the linen collar, whose charms, I may mention, I propose to sing every week for the next three months.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**HAT.**—Thanks for your letter. I have a great affection always for Redfern's clothes. They have at the moment a bicycling dress at 27, Conduit Street, of grey strapped with blue, which I think would exactly meet your views. Do go and see it. It would look its best with a white shirt with black tie, but the belt could be either tan leather or a strap of blue cloth. The sailor-hat is not becoming to everybody, I quite agree with you; but there are many varieties in plain panama, which could be trimmed with a black ribbon, and nothing elaborate should be tolerated.

**GENIE.**—A plain stripe of jet on the extreme hem of that skirt would be its only possible treatment. If you introduce fur trimming you will spoil the effect; white gloves and black shoes with silk stockings. Excellent hairdressers are Dubosch and Gillingham, 285, Regent Street. I promise you they will not overdo your hair; but, of course, I cannot guarantee how long the waves will last, as this depends so much upon the individual hair.

**GO LIGHTLY.**—The London Shoe Company, of 117, New Bond Street, is the firm which invented those bicycling shoes and gaiters in one. They have rubber soles and heels, and cost 28s. 6d. I much prefer white gloves, but recognise that they are impossible for country wear; however, for the Park, you must indulge yourself in this extravagance. Yes, write again when you wish.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

Now that the Liberal party is in for a long wandering in the wilderness it finds time to put its house in order: the men's Federation, as everybody knows, is filled with mutterings, whilst amongst the Liberal ladies the unrest is taking the form of discussing if they cannot refuse to support candidates for Parliament who will not promise to vote for women's suffrage. The Lancashire and Cheshire Union have solemnly stated that such is their intention, being moved thereto by a candidate who said that he would "rather give the vote to the donkey-boys on the beach than to women ratepayers"; and the Welsh Women's Union are hotly debating the same point.

In England there are two rival women's Liberal organisations, one of which is willing to subordinate women's suffrage to men's convenience, and the other of which makes that subject its first "plank." Both have taken part in the meetings of the past week at Huddersfield, but the one sent women delegates to the men's Federation meeting, while the other held a conference of its own. The latter, the "Women's Liberal Federation" (the rival being the "Women's Liberal Association") heard papers and passed orthodox party resolutions on the Education question (introduced by Mrs. Maitland, M.L.S.B.), on Arbitration, on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, and on the effect of the Factory Laws on the labour of women.

—"In the meantime," as the Scots say, Sir George Newnes, who is a shrewd and successful observer of the current of public tastes in journalism, announces a new daily paper, which "will specially appeal to ladies, *politics being altogether excluded*," a curious practical commentary on the political activity of the ladies of the past week.

Women have, at any rate, not learned to have the full courage of their opinions; for the Women's Suffrage Bill introduced by Mr. Faithfull Begg, and received as satisfactory by the Women's Suffrage Societies, is by no



A CLOTH WALKING COSTUME.

case—but because it is more seemly that when an unfortunate lunatic, no longer having the restraint of reason, acts and speaks at random, her or his own kind shall witness and control the case. In every lunatic asylum where there are women there should be women doctors as well as attendants. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



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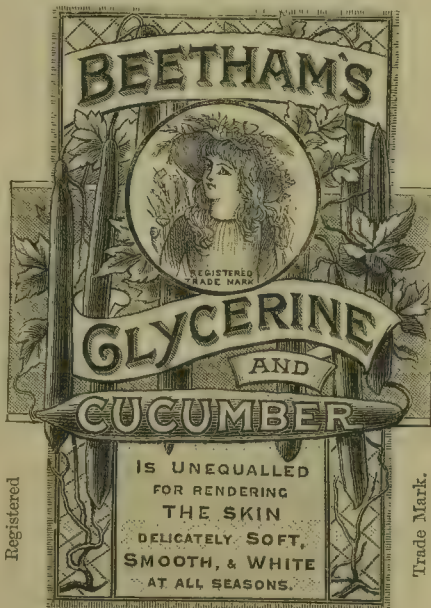
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1894) of Mr. Philip Williams, J.P., of Hinstock Hall, Salop, who died on April 21 last, was proved on March 3 by Mrs. Arabella Elizabeth Williams, the widow, Samuel James Dawes, the Rev. John Gordon Addenbrooke, and William Edward Gordon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £278,919. The testator gives Hinstock Hall, with the furniture and contents, and £3000 per annum to his wife during widowhood, and an annuity of £500 on re-marriage; and legacies and annuities to relatives and friends. He settles Hinstock Hall (subject to the interest of Mrs. Williams) and all his real estate upon his son Philip Victor Williams, and provides an annuity for his son Henry Rupert. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon various trusts, for his children.

The will (dated July 11, 1891) of Mr. Francis Hobson Appach, of Elcot Park, Hungerford, Berks, and Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 21 by George Francis Appach and Arthur Richard Appach, the sons, James Thompson, and William Aldwin Soames, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £241,600. The testator gives and devises all his hereditaments and premises of every tenure, and a sum of £118,000, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then upon further trusts for all his children in equal shares, his daughters, Mrs. Josephine Elizabeth Anderson and Mrs. Helen Maud Jones, bringing into hotchpot (the value to be taken at £11,000 each) the lands and premises settled upon them on their respective marriages. He also bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for his son George Francis Appach; the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 27, 1895) of Mr. John Crouch Priest, of Lannock, near Stevenage, Herts, farmer, who died on Sept. 23, was proved on March 24 by Thomas Priest, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £59,511. The testator gives £1000 each to George Roberts and Whitbread Roberts; £200 to the Hitchin Infirmary; £500 each to Arthur Long, Sarah Drayton, Arnold Chipperfield, Richard Roberts, John



AN EGYPTIAN INFANTRY BARRACK-ROOM.

Photo Lekegian, Cairo.

Roberts, Frank Roberts, Mary Roberts, Sarah Kinloch, Frank Maddams, Harry Maddams, Thomas Maddams, Ellen Maddams, Emma Maddams, and Sarah Maddams; £500 each, upon trust, for Anne Roberts and Ellen Thackarey, and an annuity to his housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, Thomas Priest, absolutely.

The will (executed Nov. 11, 1894) of Mr. William Arbuthnot, J.P., of The Ham Manor, Thatcham, Berks, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 21 by Mrs. Margaret Rosa Arbuthnot, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,305. The testator gives his furniture and effects to his wife; certain freehold property purchased with part of the trust funds of his marriage settlement to his daughter Adolphine Mary Eliza Gertrude, and the remainder of such trust funds to his said daughter and his two other daughters; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his unsettled personal estate and his property at Nailsworth he leaves to his daughters.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1894) of Mr. Henry Davis Pochin, J.P., D.L., of Bodnant Hall, Denbighshire,

daughter Edith Stone, and states that he has entered into a certain responsibility for her benefit under her marriage settlement; £50 to his managing clerk and executor, Mr. Kennette; his watch, chain, and seals to his son Richard Evans; the silver tray presented to him by the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society to his wife, for life, and then to his son Richard Evans, to be kept as an heirloom; and his furniture and effects to his wife, for life. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood, and then for all his children, except his daughter Edith Stone, who is well provided for. Certain sums advanced to sons are to be brought into account; and provision is made for his son Arthur Smeed and Mr. Kennette taking over his practice as a solicitor.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Aug. 30, 1888) of Colonel Sir Thomas Oriel Forster, Bart., C.B., J.P., D.L., of Ballymascaulan, Louth, who died on Dec. 28, granted to the Hon. Dame Mary Elizabeth Alice Forster, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on March 24, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £2512. The testator devises all his lands and hereditaments in Monaghan to his brother Robert

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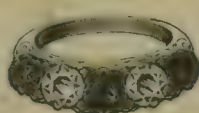
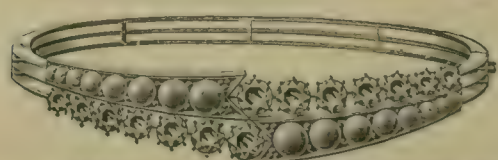
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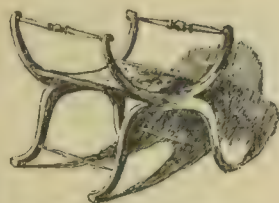
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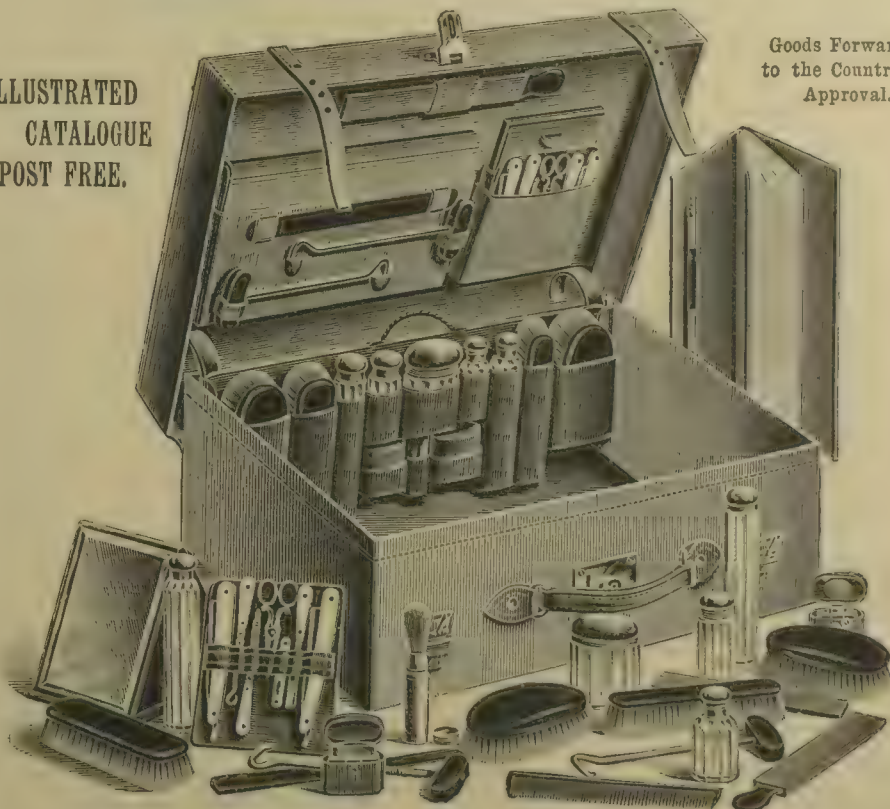
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Forster, and also gives to him his silver plate, guns, and walking-sticks. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will of Mr. Charles Rigby, of Hare Hatch, near Twyford, Berks, formerly of 21, Little Queen Street, Westminster, and of the Reform Club, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 21 by Major-General Sir Edwin Henry Hayter Colles, K.C.I.E., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £730.

The will of Mr. Biscoe Hill Wortham, of Kneesworth House, near Royston, Cambs, and 5, Warrior Square, St. Leonards, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on March 24 by the Rev. Biscoe Hale Wortham and Henry Cooke, the value of the personal estate being £2485.

The will of the Right Hon. Harriet Agnes Dowager Lady de Clifford, of Twycross, Leicester, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 23 by the Hon. Maud Clara Russell, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3682.

#### M. TISSOT'S PICTURES.

It is about five-and-twenty years since M. James Tissot first made his appearance in London, under the ægis of Frances Countess of Waldegrave and other ladies of fashion. He brought with him the first-fruits of a reputation rapidly acquired in Paris; but there were many who attributed the artist's voluntary exile to his conviction that his style of painting was better suited to English than to French taste. At all events, he did not misjudge his new patrons. M. Tissot rapidly took up a leading place among the artists of his day, and his *mondaines* and *demi-mondaines* attracted purchasers from all ranks. His work was always skilful, admirably finished, and dexterously handled. By degrees the taste for his pictures waned, and in his restless energy M. Tissot was

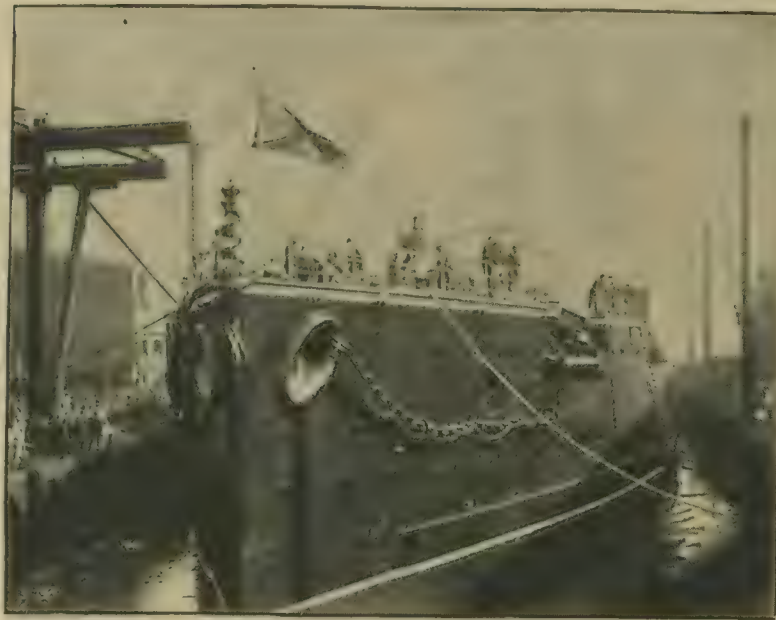


Photo Mr. James Walker.

THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP, H.M.S. "MARS."

The new first-class battle-ship *Mars* was on March 31 launched from the yard of Messrs. Laird Brothers, at Birkenhead. The *Mars* is one of the largest and strongest battle-ships yet built for the British Navy, measuring 390 ft. in length and 75 ft. in breadth, with 14,900 tons displacement. Her main armament is to include four 12-inch 50-ton breech-loading guns, fifty quick-firing guns, and a lighter auxiliary armament. The vessel will be lighted by 900 electric lights, and will carry six searchlights of 30,000-candle power.

for ever finding some new outlet or taking some fresh line. At one time he was bent upon reviving the taste for enamel-work, and spent large sums of money and many weary months in attempting to reproduce the brilliant effects of Japanese *cloisonné* work. At another time it was towards etching that he turned his thoughts and attention; and then,

of Northern Italy than in the elaborate efforts of M. Tissot's skill.

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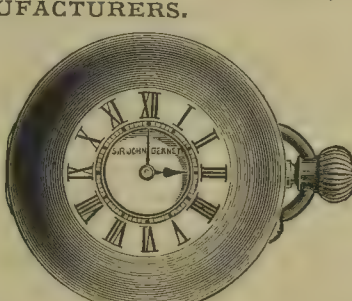
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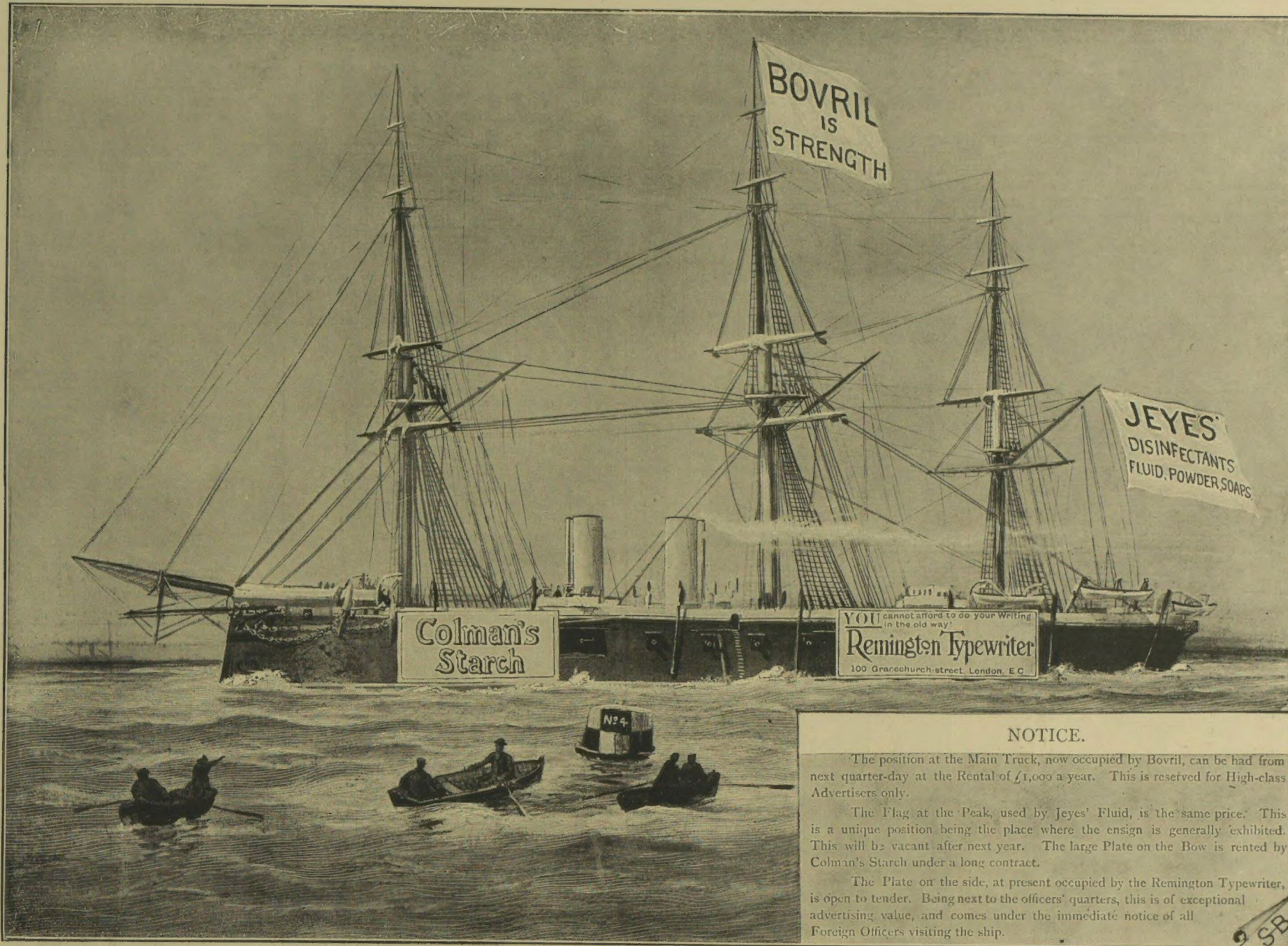
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The position at the Main Truck, now occupied by Bovril, can be had from next quarter-day at the Rental of £1,000 a year. This is reserved for High-class Advertisers only.

The Flag at the Peak, used by Jeys' Fluid, is the same price. This is a unique position being the place where the ensign is generally exhibited. This will be vacant after next year. The large Plate on the Bow is rented by Colman's Starch under a long contract.

The Plate on the side, at present occupied by the Remington Typewriter, is open to tender. Being next to the officers' quarters, this is of exceptional advertising value, and comes under the immediate notice of all Foreign Officers visiting the ship.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Henry Whitehead, of Lanercost, is the subject of some interesting reminiscences by Canon Benham. Canon Benham says that Whitehead was a really brilliant preacher, though the world in general knew nothing of him. He had a plaintive, almost querulous manner, spoke low, gently, slowly, and a delicate humour and irony played like sheet lightning over all his sermons. Canon Benham does not mention what is worth recalling, that George Macdonald was a great admirer of Whitehead, and in one of his novels (I think "The Vicar's Daughter") goes out of his way strongly to recommend one of his books. The great time in Whitehead's life was the awful cholera visitation during the first three days of September 1854, in Berwick Street and the neighbourhood. Victims died at the rate of a thousand a day, and in some streets not a house escaped. Whitehead was always at hand, and was

one of the first non-professional men to declare himself vigorously in favour of Dr. George Johnson's treatment by castor-oil—a treatment which, though fiercely assailed for a time, has, according to Canon Benham, come to be recognised as the true one. His rule was never to eat or drink in any sick house, never even to wash his hands until he got where the water was in no danger of being tainted.

In an interview with the Agents-General for self-governing colonies, Mr. Chamberlain promised that whenever a measure having the object of legalising colonies' marriages with a deceased wife's sister came before Parliament, he should support it as he had done in the past. He much doubted, however, whether the subject could be dealt with in the present session.

In the annual report of the Wesleyan Methodist Education Committee, just issued, it is stated that an

expenditure of upwards of £60,000 has been incurred on structural and other alterations demanded by the education department, which large outlay has been met by Wesleyan school managers in a remarkably liberal spirit. The Wesleyan elementary schools in Lancashire more than hold their own as regards both numbers and general efficiency.

Lecturing on how recent archaeological discoveries bore upon Bible instruction, the Bishop of Manchester said that the discoveries undoubtedly showed that in the Bible there were very considerable historical mistakes. But the inspiration of the book was not in consequence brought into question. Inspiration was never intended to teach people history or science.

The membership of the Association of Lay Helpers for the diocese of London exceeds 6700, and, of course, this does not include all who are actually employed.

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**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from the Victoria and London Bridge Terminals. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton. EVERY WEEKDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. EVERY SUNDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

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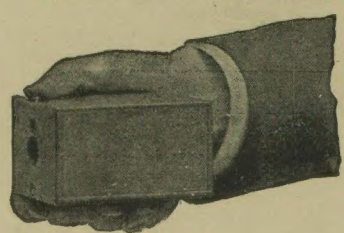
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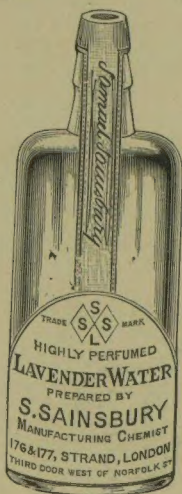
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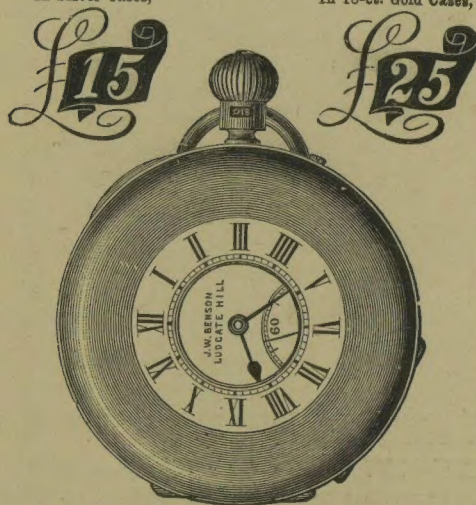
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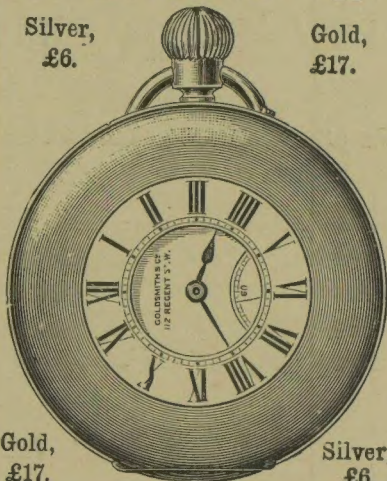
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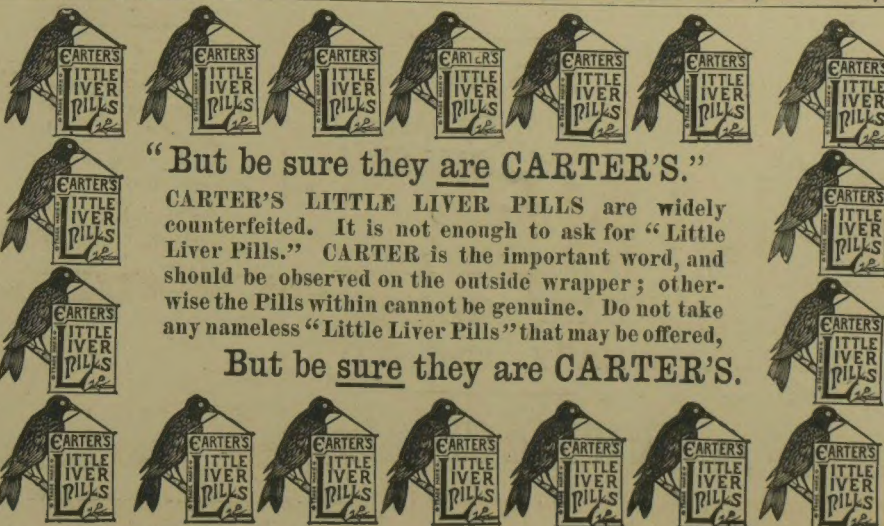
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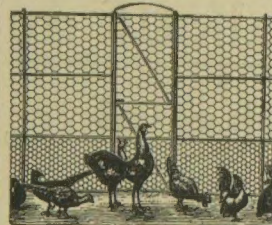
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FOR POULTRY  
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MOVABLE FOWL-HOUSE.**

These Houses must not be compared with the cheaper class of Fowl-House advertised.

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If mounted on wheels,  
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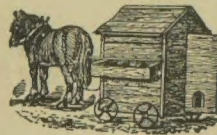
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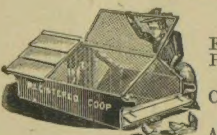
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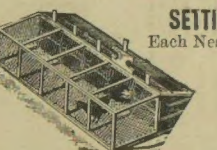
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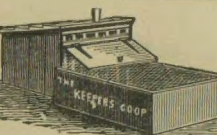
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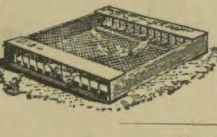
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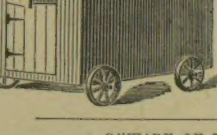
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provides against this contingency (because it contains extra “Cream”), and keeps the Complexion Beautiful and Clear, and the Skin Soft and Smooth.

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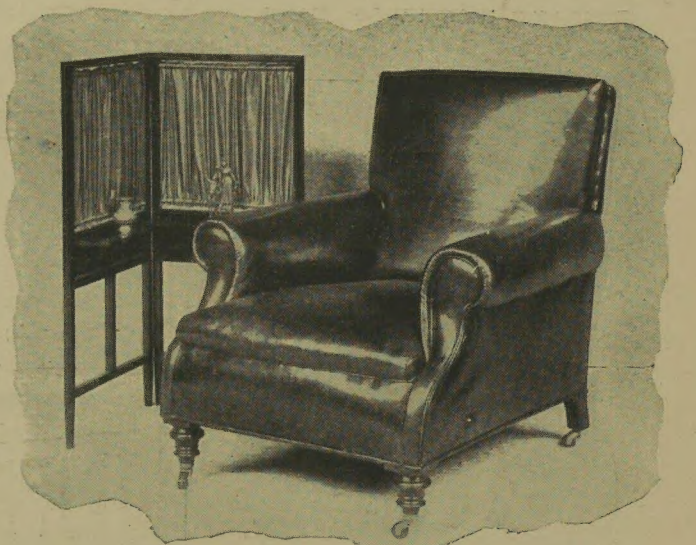
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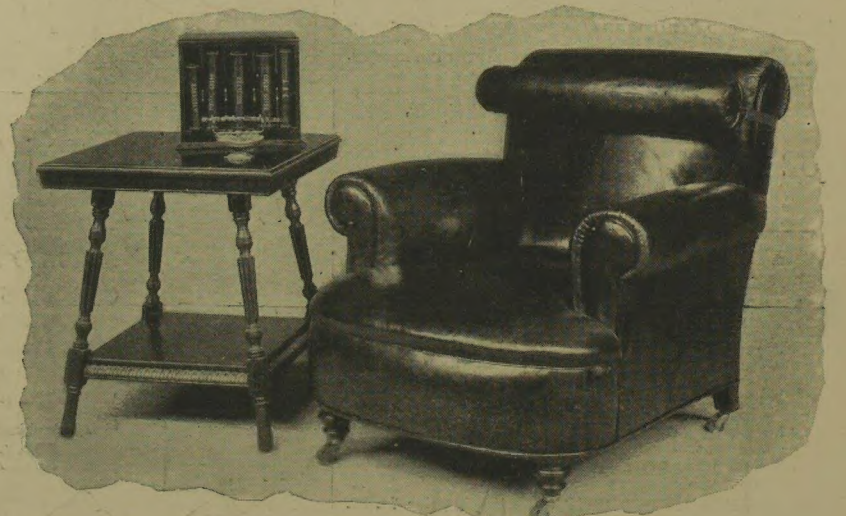
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